Racial Attitudes of the "Liberal" North . . . By Harry A. Overstreet

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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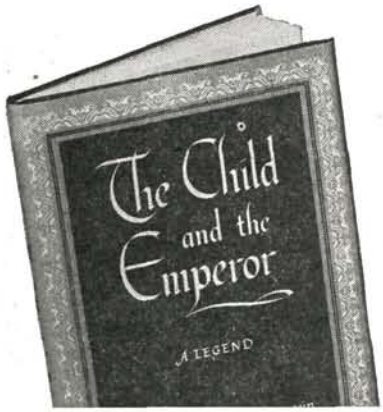

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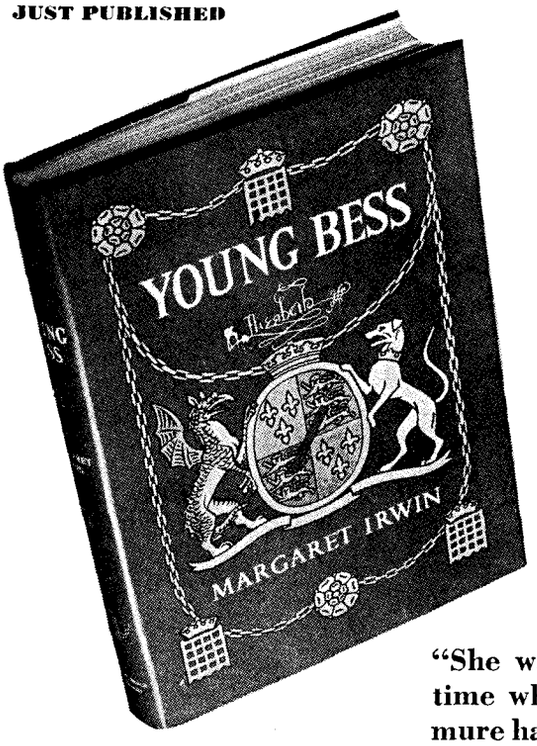

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THIS YEAR

. . . there are more important things—

ON REACHING its 20th Anniversary, in the midst of war, The Viking Press pauses for a moment to look back on the growth of its imprint over two decades. Beginning with a list of four books, the Viking ship has now appeared on nearly a thousand titles, most of which are still in print. There are many satisfactions to recall with pleasure from these years: the authors who have come to us from all over the world, the new young talents growing to maturity under this imprint, the awards for distinguished format, the recognition given to our children's books, the healthy share of book club selections, Pulitzer Prizes, Newbery and Caldecott Medals.

However, there are more important things to say about books this year.

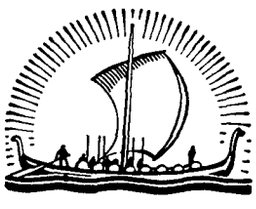
Books do not make wars, nor do books win them; yet there has never been a war in history in which books figured so importantly. It was a book, written just a little more than twenty years ago, which set forth the gospel of pan-Germanism and the German faith in aggression. Books were martyred by those who thought that ideas could be destroyed by burning the paper upon which they had been set down. There were books which tried to warn us of the enemy. There were books written in hot desert sun and under naval gunfire which reported this war as no war had ever been reported before. Finally, added to the flow of books which reach them from other sources, there are the millions of handy "expendable" books—the Armed Services Editions—which are conveying to our men fighting throughout the world some of the flavor of the life which they want to remember, much of the heritage of culture and ideas for which they are fighting.

As publishers, we take pride in the part, however small, which we have been permitted to play. We are proud that some of our books were good enough and powerful enough to have been burned in Germany. We are happy that some of our authors contributed to the warnings which preceded this war, to the reporting which accompanies it, and to the planning which must follow it.

War has made publishing more difficult because it has made materials scarce and manufacturing and distribution slow. Booksellers have had to show great forbearance. Readers have had to accustom themselves to somewhat inferior paper and somewhat smaller type. There have not been enough books to go around. We urge readers to help make books go further while the shortage continues—to lend their books to friends—to make certain that each book "works" as hard as possible—to send their books to the Armed Forces for reading rooms and hospitals.

This year the most urgent things for all of us at home are war bonds and plasma, V-mail and price control; war jobs and the manifold activities which contribute to the welfare of our troops and to the speeding of victory. But ideas are important too. And today a publisher, in particular, must say to himself: "Let us help create a world in which there is such freedom, such security, such opportunity, that every human being may someday enjoy the unfettered circulation of knowledge and ideas."

THE VIKING PRESS



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The cow in the bedroom

REMEMBER those golden days when the sight of fire-engines rolling down the street stirred in you the most wonderful and intricate day-dreams . . . when a trip to the fruit store was an adventure . . . when a white knight in shining armor was at least as much of a reality as tomorrow's home-work . . . when the world was your kingdom, and anything could happen—and, somehow, the more absurd, the more enchanting, the more incredible it might be, the more easily you could believe in it?

Maybe you were the child of royalty, and your parents had adopted you, and wouldn't tell you. Maybe you were really an infant prodigy, and there was some secret significance in your dislike for arithmetic. Maybe you were going to be a famous surgeon, or explorer, and come back lean and tanned after years in the jungle, and then they'd be sorry. Maybe you could take home one of the bear cubs from the zoo, and keep it for a pet, and it would always love you and protect you.

Every once in a while, a writer fashions a story out of the stuff that such dreams are made on; not gossamer or remote, but everyday things like the milkman's deliveries and the gang that plays baseball down the block. Yet, somehow, the perspective is subtly altered, not distorted, just tilted a bit—and suddenly out of some simple, commonplace things and people is woven a tale of magic. And then the absurd, the delightfully incredible, *does* come to pass, at high noon in front of a red brick house on a street that looks just like yours. So it was with VALERY by *Elizabeth Mallett Conger*.

When Valery, switching her tail, trots casually into the living room of the Whipple house as a small and appealing calf, and the Whipples fall in love with her as a house pet—it all seems perfectly reasonable. When Valery, grown a little older, is trained to carry in the tea wagon, pulling it briskly behind her, and always coming to a graceful halt directly in front of Mrs. Whipple—it seems the most natural thing in the world that guests should pat her silky brown head and look into her large dark eyes and say "How sweet!" And when Valery, tired after a long walk to market with Mrs. Whipple, has hauled home the little red wagon full of vegetables, and settled down in front of the fire, ruminatively chewing a lacy carrot top, she really seems to be one of the family.

So, when Valery grew up into a large, handsome, but undeniably cowlike cow, there was naturally nothing to do but keep her, even if she did chew the teacher's straw hat. Scolding her would have been unthinkable, even after she had eaten the five fresh lemon meringue tarts. She was so easily hurt.

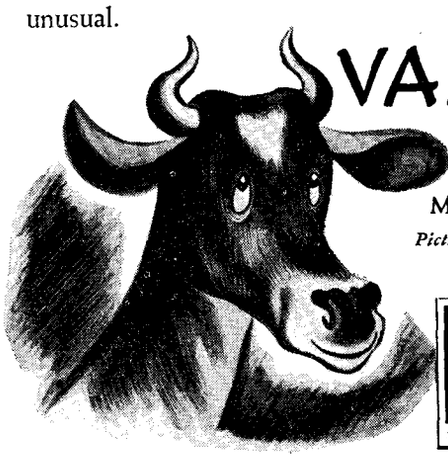
Sometimes the living room seemed to be full of cows, especially when Valery invited her friends over for weekends. But the Whipples could always sit on the lawn during the summer evenings. And they didn't really mind.

The trouble started the day Valery got upstairs. Going up was easy, but coming down was something else again. Perhaps she didn't try hard enough. After all, she did love Mr. and Mrs. Whipple's bedroom.

Even the fire department's net wasn't much help. But of course Mr. Whipple could have told them that Valery wouldn't like it.

How the Whipples solved their problem—or rather, how Valery solved it for them—is the climax of one of the most beautifully cock-eyed books since THE PETERKIN PAPERS. Bill Crawford had almost as good a time doing the drawings as Elizabeth Conger must have had writing the story.

Although VALERY is unmistakably a children's book, and perfectly tailored to fit the special shape of a child's mind and heart, it is also a book for every grown-up who ever delighted in the absurd or loved the usual-turned-unusual.



VALERY

by ELIZABETH MALLETT CONGER

Pictures by BILL CRAWFORD

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Racial Attitudes of the "Liberal" North

A Dangerous Contradiction Between Promises and Practices

HARRY A. OVERSTREET

PSYCHIATRIC and psychoanalytic studies have made us familiar with the idea of psychic wounds —*traumata*. They have shown that such wounds are most frequently inflicted in childhood and, if left unhealed, fester in the subconscious, revealing themselves many years later as psychological diseases of adulthood.

Psychic wounds, however, are inflicted not merely in childhood. Every environment that a human being enters, whether in adolescence or adulthood, is a potential inflicter of wounds. School, industry, the various social institutions—like clubs, hotels, theatres —can have positive or negative effects upon the individual: they can make him feel wanted and secure; or they can slap him in the face, humiliate him, make him feel outcast and insecure.

It is a commonplace that the Negro in our American society is peculiarly subject to these institutionally inflicted wounds. In countless ways he is made to feel unwanted, and, too often, despised and ejected. The average American is little given to investigating what this does to the emotional and moral life of the Negro. Yet even the slightest acquaintance with psychological literature should make him aware that such psychic wounding must have its unfortunate, if not dangerous, effects.

We in the North frequently feel that we do pretty well by the Negro, since we refuse to place upon him many of the restrictions imposed in the South. Yet investigation reveals the fact that our Northern racial liberalism, because of its many self-contradictions, is fraught with peculiar dangers to the Negro.

In his "Color, Class and Personality," published two years ago, Dr. Robert L. Sutherland has made, among other things, a study of Northern Negro youth. He finds among these young Negroes frustrations of a type singularly galling, that often lead to malformations of character and distortions of behavior.

In the North, as Sutherland points out, the traditions of racial liberalism have given the Negro youth an expectation of freedom in community life. This is particularly true in the smaller communities.

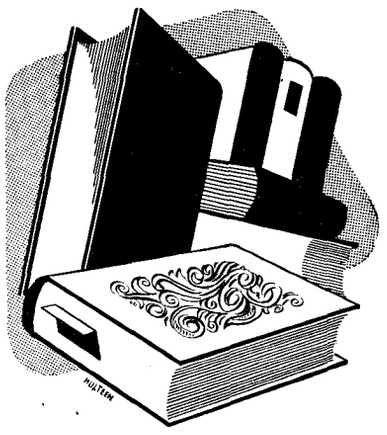
> In their childhood experiences they are accepted in churches, in the schools, and on the playgrounds. Some are favored by white teachers who, recognizing their traditional handicap, give them special encouragement. Service clubs allocate part of their educational funds to Negro youth. Honors in athletics, in class offices, and in scholastic attainment also come their way. Responding to these incentives, the boy or girl feels no isolation and expects his good fortune to continue. He has already experienced some of the blessings of the American dream.

All this is in the best tradition of American racial liberalism.

> Sad, therefore, is the awakening which comes to many of these youth when, upon graduation from high school, they find that the communities did not really mean to be liberal, that, although a service club would help a Negro boy to complete his high school course, its members would not give him a job after his schooling was over.

As a typical example, he cites the case of Harry X to show the peculiar kinds of psychic wounds inflicted upon a boy who grew up with happy expectations and who then suffered the shock of disillusionment.

As a boy Harry had among his friends and acquaintances the leading citizens of his small community. His



home, though financially restricted, was no different from that of the white boys with whom he went to school. "His sister was married with the same ceremony as a white girl, and her attendants wore the same kind of clothes as those at a middle class wedding."

"To Harry all this seems now a bit ironic." Graduated with honors from high school, he was forced by the economic stringency of his family to take a job. But he then discovered that there was no job for him—not as a clerk in the grocery store, nor as a reporter on the newspaper, nor as a bookkeeper in the bank—for any one of which he could easily have qualified. To his bewilderment, he found himself suddenly limited to the economic role of a bootblack or janitor.

THE story might end here with a "Too bad!" But the author carries it on through the psychic deterioration of this boy sorely wounded in his pride and dashed in his expectations. Soured in his outlook on life, he more and more "assumed that the world was against him and developed real adeptness in excusing himself from responsibility for his plight." These are well known neurotic manifestations that are by no means limited to Negroes. "To make a living he engaged in various illegal activities entirely out of keeping with his former way of life; in interracial matters he was bitter and distrustful, thus depriving himself of his former white friends." Doubtless some of these said that he was like all Negroes: he had no "gratitude" for what the community and the good people of the community had done for him.

> Later, while working as a WPA janitor, he reacted with strong emotions to suggestions from foremen and interpreted any criticisms as a further proof of racial prejudice. His personal ambition was thus replaced by an adjustment at a low social and economic level, and his former ability to criticize himself by a tendency to preserve his self-respect through shifting all blame.

The psychological sequences here involved are perfectly clear. As Suther-

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land points out, Harry, the Negro boy, was making the same reaction as a child who is repeatedly offered a piece of candy only to have it repeatedly jerked away. The child cries, or sulks, or flies into a tantrum. Harry becomes anti-social. The causal fact in both cases is the same: build up strong, hopeful expectations; then deny them utterly; and there is the mischief to pay.

ALL of this indicates pretty clearly what is wrong with the racial attitudes of our "liberal" Northern society. One set of its institutions—school and church in childhood—build glowing hopes and anticipations; another set—business, industry, and "society" in adolescence and adulthood—ruthlessly tear them down. Between the two conflicting sets the Negro boy is left bewildered and frustrated. It is of particular importance to note that the severe shock comes in adolescence, at a time when the boy—like all boys of that age—is already emotionally upset. The social end economic shock is added as the last straw that breaks the camel's back.

It might be objected that Harry need not have given away as he did to defeat. Admonishing words might be said to him: could he not have worked out for himself an honorable, even though menial, place in the community that denied him what it had seemed to promise? His position would be humble, but "a man's a man for a' that."

It is always possible for those who have suffered no hurt to give moral counsel to the deeply injured. I doubt, however, that any white person would be presumptuous enough to cast the first advice by telling Harry how he might gracefully have turned the other cheek to the community's slap-in-the-face and become a docile bootblack or janitor; or to indicate to him that, while "from bootblack to president" is the possible route for the white boy, "from high school graduate to bootblack" is the justifiable direction for the colored boy.

Or the objection might be made that this Northern community should never, in the first place, have made Harry aware of the promises contained in the American Dream. The school should not have urged him, hand on heart, to recite: "With liberty and justice for all." It should, in all caution, have provided a revised version: "With liberty and justice for all except Negroes and other colored folk."

I doubt whether, even in a confusedly democratic America, any comment on this is needed.

Leaving aside, however, the question of what better adjustment this Negro boy might have made for himself, we might explore another phase of the injustice done him by this Northern community.

When Harry X, sorely wounded in mind and spirit, is seen by white people as a young man, he is seen as what he *then* is—a bad young man. To all appearances he is irresponsible; "uppity"; ugly of temper; without ambition; always shifting the blame for his failures on someone else; engaged in illegal activities. The white man sees him thus; sees the surface manifestations of him; and the white man says: "Bad nigger!" This is the way, too, in which the white man saw Bigger Thomas; and of him, too, he said: "Bad nigger!"

The white man finds all the traditional stereotypes fulfilled in Harry's behavior. "It only goes to show," he probably says. "Give these niggers education and it only makes them worse!"

No white man, in short, is likely to study the *whole case* of Harry X. If any single one of the whites who hate and distrust this grown up Negro boy were to take time out to trace his full psychological history, he might be amazed and ashamed at what he discovered. He would see Harry as a victim of a white society's unwitting blunder—a white society good to children, even to colored children; but sharply recovering itself and remembering the white proprieties when the children grow to be adults. He would see him as a deeply wounded Negro boy unable to make his recovery among alien people who, strange to say, are not even aware that he has been wounded. He would see him building compensatory defenses for himself, precisely as would any other person, white or black, who had been shocked into a neurosis. He might even be astonished at the tough, defiant resiliency of the boy.

Our Northern "liberal" society does a double injury to the Negro: it goes back on its promises; then it blames the Negro for being the kind of bad Negro it has itself made him.

This tale of the psychic hurt we do to Negro youth is not a pretty one. It is one, however, that needs telling and retelling until all "liberal" people are aware of it. Whites need to learn a more just way of looking at Negroes. In all honesty, their obligation is to look through them and back of them to the white-created conditions that have helped in large measure to make them what they now are.

In this connection psychologists and writers of fiction can be of notable help. They have the power (as in the above case) to draw the picture of the psychically wounded Negro, and to indicate what happens when his psychic wounds are not only permitted to go unhealed but are kept open and raw through indifference and cruelty.

They also have the power to point out dangerous contradiction that exists between our American promises and practices. They can show that it is not a healthy thing for a society to harbor a moral contradiction within itself; to say one thing and do the opposite; to pronounce glorious ideals and resort to inglorious practices; to give generously with one hand, and take meanly back with the other.

In our childhood, we used to cry out with anger: "Indian giver!" The phrase was no doubt unjust to the Indians; but it said clearly enough what we children meant: that if you gave a thing, honestly and gladly, you might not later take it back.

We ask the Negro boy to give us back our gift to him of human dignity. It is not strange that we begin to feel doubtful about our moral integrity.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FICTION'S FAMOUS BOYS

Very briefly described below are fifteen boys who will be boys forever because they are immortalized in the pages of literature. How many of them can you identify? Allowing 7 points for each one you can call by name, a score of 63 is par, 77 is very good, 84 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 26.

1. He was apprenticed to an undertaker.
2. Deciding never to grow up, he ran away to live with the fairies.
3. He wore long curls and velvet suits, called his mother "Dearest."
4. With a runaway Negro, he floated down the Mississippi on a raft.
5. He hid in a barrel of apples and overheard a plot.
6. He used the royal seal of England as a nut-cracker.
7. He wandered into the jungle and was adopted by a pack of wolves.
8. Kidnapers paid his folks a ransom to take him back.
9. Several tigers frightened him into giving up his beautiful clothes.
10. This boy stood on a burning deck whence all but him had fled.
11. He died, leaving a dusty toy dog and a rusted soldier.
12. Because of his carelessness, he was the first to eat roast pig.
13. He died too soon to become a partner in his father's business.
14. He had a teddy bear named Winnie-the-Pooh.
15. Though crippled, he was cheerful enough to say: "God bless us, every one!"

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Mr. Prokosch's Twofold Problem

AGE OF THUNDER. By Frederic Prokosch. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 311 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

JEAN-NICOLAS parachutes and lands on a field in the Haute-Savoie region of France. His mission is to identify a traitor within the Underground, and after a maximum of four days to proceed to Switzerland. That task brings him into touch with a motley group of people; he meets them, listens to them as he cautiously talks to them until most of them disappear into the mist from which they seem to have risen. The record of Jean-Nicolas's various and outwardly loosely-connected encounters with these men and women in the five nights of his perilous trek over both Nazi-infested and *maquis* country forms the framework of this strange novel.

It belongs to that small body of contemporary war fiction that tries to disengage itself from its own historical background, to "detemporize" and "depersonalize" its time-bound characters (to use the words of an English critic quoted on the dust jacket of this volume), and thus to give a higher, or at any rate broader, meaning to a story whose basic plot shows familiarly dramatic features. In short, we are here confronted with an attempt to dissolve contemporary history in myth.

Few authors seem at first glance better qualified for this enterprise than Mr. Prokosch. He is a poet. The beauty of his descriptive prose cannot be contested, and the economy of his language covers what there is of preciousness in it. He is sincere, and his sense of responsibility restrains rather than gives the rein to the power of his talent.

As a story, or even a novel, this latest book from his pen will puzzle readers even more than did his previous epic work. Young Jean-Martin himself is little more than a counterpoint for the various themes which touch, cross, and overlap one another. Not many woman readers, I surmise, will understand why the girl Susanna should fall in love with him. His strength appears as preconceived, and is not developed. And development of characters is the very essence of novel writing.

But Mr. Prokosch has probably not been seriously concerned with writing a novel—and we have to accept his figures first of all as mythical beings which, like the gods of old, for a while assume human traits only to discard them once their mission is accomplished (or as soon as there is no other way out). Making allowance for the relationship between symbols and allegory, one is next tempted to ask what these characters stand for who, all of them using the same manner of speech, at every other twist hide themselves behind another smokescreen. Who is that West Indian Negro, or that old Italian exile who, both in his wife's presence and behind her back, revels in memories of carnal pleasures past? Who, or what, if not an athletic Negro or an old profligate with a touch of the sentimental?

As if to add to the reader's bewilderment, these figures at times are made to talk about very topical matters; also, they move, as it were, on two, if not three, different planes. Nowhere is this mixture of *valeurs* in the dialogue more apparent than in the main German character, an official called "KM" who, for reasons unknown and never to be disclosed properly, does not arrest the hero but gives one of those semi-mystical lectures on millenia to come, which of late (see the major in Glenway Westcott's "Apartment in Athens") seem to have become a favorite feature of fictional Nazi bigwigs. Here Mr. Prokosch's desire to "detemporalize" leads him close to woodenness.

Yet there is one character in "Age of Thunder" that comes into hailing distance of what the author must have wanted them all to be. Susanna, the daughter of the Italian couple, is actually one of the most lovable figures of recent American fiction. The human warmth of her nature, gradually penetrating her behavior, is great enough to be felt even amidst the lifeless personages who surround her. She never tries to lift what she has to say onto a higher plane. In a way, she is even simpler and truer to type than Hemingway's Maria—with whom she suggests a comparison. And, lo and behold, with all her naturalness this girl does grow to something like the myth of womanhood and love: when in the end Jean-Nicolas takes her arm and crosses the bridge to Switzerland (for he has succeeded in his mission after many a trial), the reader may really feel the well-nigh mythological atmosphere of an eternally dreamed-of moment.

Here, I submit, is Mr. Prokosch's twofold problem. First, the great and lasting characters of Occidental fiction have never been presented in an a priori mythical role; they *became* legends in spite, or rather because, of all their earthliness and the never-ceasing human conflicts which, as long as their story was still in the process of unfolding, prevented them from

"Frederic Prokosch is looking for a myth beyond the day's strife."

reaching on the spot the plane of supra-personal symbols themselves. Second, love (as shown in Susanna) is in itself a mythical element, and its meaning needs no symbols or myth; the meaning of human suffering, on the other hand, is not to be explained, unless it is done in theological or, perhaps, political terms. There is a young Serb in this novel who tells the story of a political martyr's agonies at the hands of the Fascist henchmen back in his country. This piece, all but landing in generalities, can certainly not compare with a very similar passage in Arthur Koestler's "Arrival and Departure." Mr. Koestler, though also an artist of impressive stature, is primarily a political writer. He has found his myth—which is not necessarily his own. Mr. Prokosch's noble resilience does not admit such patterned socio-political accents. He is looking for his own way and for a myth beyond the day's strife. He does so with courage, artistic tact, and utmost honesty.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 574)

THOMAS HARDY:
THE WOODLANDERS

City-opprest,
Unto this wood I came
As to a nest.

. . . . . .

Touches from ash, O wych,
Sting you like scorn!
You too, brave hollies, twitch
Sidelong from thorn.

. . . . . .

Since, then, no grace I find
Taught me by trees,
Turn I back to my kind
Worthy as these.

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Pattern of Pursuit and Flight

THE BALLAD AND THE SOURCE. by Rosamond Lehmann. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1945. $2.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MAXWELL

SYBIL JARDINE, the focal character of "The Ballad and the Source," is an elderly woman with considerable gifts of mind, imagination, and taste. We see her and gradually the events of her stormy life through a sensitive and, I think, preternaturally curious little girl named Rebecca, who has the gift of unlocking monologues and the patience to put together complex and sometimes conflicting evidence offered her by Sybil Jardine's granddaughter, by an addled old sewing woman, by relatives, and by Sybil Jardine herself. Mrs. Jardine has a fortunate and fascinating way of talking to Rebecca about "the things people would think a child ought not to hear," and makes no concessions to inexperience or to the mental limitations of childhood. In her youth, Rebecca learns, Mrs. Jardine was a great beauty. Her first marriage was a very proper one, to a middle-aged man of wealth and intellectual attainments. He was, however, as the old sewing woman remarked, "better furnished in the top story than 'e was elsewhere." Sybil had a child by him and then, following the deeper, more vital dictates of her nature, ran off to the South of France with a handsome young painter. Her husband's pride was mortally wounded and he refused to allow Sybil to see her child. After an unsuccessful attempt at kidnapping her daughter, Sybil tried her luck in America, became a feminist, achieved a modest *succès de scandale* as a novelist, and then settled down to what was to become her lifetime obsession, the recovery, by fair means or foul, of the child she had abandoned.

Full of complex mysteries, built upon a pattern of pursuit and flight, with all manner of romantic ingredients (among them congenital madness), "The Ballad and the Source" is, as Mr. Christopher Morley has pointed out, a novel that the Brontë's would have loved. I don't love the Brontë's and I do love Rosamond Lehmann, and, remembering "Invitation to the Waltz," I don't understand why so gifted a writer should have been moved to write this romantic *tour de force,* accomplished though it is. What clues there are seem to point to that colossus of the modern age, Sigmund Freud.

It was inevitable and for the continued health of the novel wholly desirable that writers of fiction find some way to make use of the material Freud offered them. By his own statement the true quality of an analysis cannot be conveyed, and if we are in doubt of this, the efforts of a number of good writers, Arthur Koestler among them, should convince us. In any case the novel cannot compete with the case history; it must find its own method, without having recourse to scientific terminology, without the novelist taking his pointer in hand and talking to the reader as from a blackboard. This being so, it is only reasonable that modern novelists should feel the impulse to resurrect past forms and patterns of fiction and treat them with new knowledge. So far as the romantic novel is concerned, the gains are slight. Psychoanalysis cannot make romance more colorful, but it can supply excitement and depth and wonder to the prosaic facts of everyday life; for this reason, the realistic novel, with all the cards laid on the table, is likely to profit much more by it.

"The Ballad and the Source" is the only romantic novel I can remember in which the narrator is more interesting than the other characters. So much loving care has gone into the writing of this book that Rebecca, a mechanical creature by tradition, is as alive as the old woman she never takes her eyes from. Back of this patient observation is an uneasy self-consciousness. Rebecca knows she can never stand up to anger, and must compound with the oppressor and be smiled at, rather than bear the flaming placard: *I am a naughty girl.* The world being what it is, heartbreak and confusion stalk her; or perhaps it is the other way around. One cannot help wishing that Miss Lehmann had shown us, as Henry James might have, the effect of a worldly, unscrupulous woman on the mind of a simple-hearted, open, vulnerable little girl. It is unfair, of course, to criticize a writer for not writing the book that she didn't intend to write. Nevertheless, the use of any given material in fiction presupposes choice, and choice forces judgment. Because of this implicit but, alas, unwritten story, all Miss Lehmann's skill and her often extraordinary running paragraphs of poetry and psychological perception did not prevent me from laying aside "The Ballad and the Source" sadly and with a sense of disappointment.

The Drama of the Gloucester Fleet

VOYAGE OF THE GOLDEN HIND. By Edmund Gilligan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 307 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

MR. GILLIGAN'S latest novel reminds one of his previous yarn of the North Atlantic fisheries, "The Gaunt Woman"; it is in some ways as dramatic, and in the detail of its background perhaps more interesting, but not so authentically dramatic, probably because the earlier book had the advantage of presenting an unusual sidelight on the U-boat warfare off the coasts of Canada and Newfoundland. Mr. Gilligan has the advantage over every contemporary author in his field of knowing at first hand the men of the Gloucester fleet, and likewise their brethren, the Bluenoses, and the colorful Frenchmen of the tiny islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon; but when he comes to his lone heroines he doesn't hit you quite as hard. Nora Doonan, of Gloucester, seems amazingly identical, for instance, with the lass who provided the essential sex-interest of "The Gaunt Woman." Although there is one thing to which one must testify: besmeared with scales and fish-guts as poor Nora must be at sea on the Banks, she is represented as untiringly glamorous —once she has had a bath.

The best parts of "Voyage of the Golden Hind" aren't the love story—anyway you know from the moment on page 11, when the heroine enters the home of her redoubtable old father, Captain Doonan, that the romance is secure; nor the murderous and thieving intrigues of the captain of the Doonan's beautiful schooner, *Golden Hind,* Paul Lenotre, of the mysterious past and the ivory-hilted knife, with his evil accomplice, Captain Parren, of the motor-powered dragger, *Doubloon.* No, where Mr. Gilligan holds you enthralled is in his descriptions of the evolution of the fishing industry on the Banks. The shift from the hard-driven trawlers, working under sail, to the more efficient, but economically wasteful, powered draggers, like the *Doubloon.* He makes you feel that the Bureau of Fisheries, and all thoughtful fishermen and fish-merchants, would endorse his claims that the draggers, working with fine-meshed nets, are ultimately certain to destroy the industry by killing the small fish, and thereby eliminating the schools of eatable cod for future generations.

This is a fine sea-story. It makes you feel the bite of the icy northern seas, and the roar of the great winds that blow down from Greenland.

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The Legend of Young Elizabeth

YOUNG BESS. By Margaret Irwin. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 274 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

IN a lonely part of the English county of Gloucestershire there is a little town, Bisley. There and roundabout twenty years ago, perhaps today, as well, one could hear the story of the Bisley boy. In the times when her father, preoccupied with Jane Seymour, couldn't stand the look of Nan Bullen's golden-crested brat, Henry VIII would send young Elizabeth far away; and once she was sent to Bisley, a monastic property given to the Bullen family in the days of King Harry's infatuation with Nan Bullen's sister and, afterwards, with Nan. Then, so the story runs, Elizabeth sickened and died; before she was buried or her father informed, news came that Henry would look in to see the daughter he had proclaimed bastard. The people of Bisley, especially Elizabeth's nurses and guardians, were at their wits' ends. They knew the formidable rage of the King, and how unpredictable its direction. What to do? An old Bisley granny solved the problem. She found a little boy, of the same age as Elizabeth (not yet two years old), the same red hair, the strange, long little nose and the close mouth. Hastily the infant boy was scoured and scented, clad in the Princess's clothes; and, when the King called, the boy was shown him in the nurse's arms. And that boy of Bisley became Elizabeth, Queen of England.

The story, of course, is false; we have too particular a history of Elizabeth's illnesses to doubt her sex: but the story is of interest in showing how legendary a character Elizabeth became, how much outside and above (or below) the ordinary mortal was Gloriana, the Virgin Queen. She had something no other English sovereign had had, a talismanic quality, which persisted all her life and after, in spite of her faults, her vices, her arrogant violence, her uncontrolled, tempestuous lust for personal power over her favorites. Other kings—Richard II, for example, or even Edward II—had exercised a similar charm for a brief period: her father had it until the evil day when he chose to be feared instead of loved; Elizabeth often inspired fear, but always it seemed, even in the men she tortured and destroyed, aroused loyalty and a kind of admiring affection.

It is the great merit of Miss Irwin's novel that she catches this quality in her heroine. The time covered here is short—from the last year of Henry VIII's reign to the death of the puny little Edward, tutored to death by a Puritan and pedantic uncle, Seymour, Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, head of the council Henry appointed as guardians to the boy-king. There are few more miserable periods of English history than the reign of Edward VI. The monastic houses are all gone. There are wars with Scotland. There is unemployment in England; and a revival of serfdom little removed from slavery. At the same time there is gross luxury as the new upstart lords (and some of the old families), fat with the wealth of the religious houses, build their palaces by the stinking stews and slums of London, and hire German and Italian mercenaries to break the revolt of the common people.

All this Miss Irwin portrays with genuine historical imagination. No modern writer of historical novels can so give us the sense of the poetry, the tragic beauty of times past. She has gone straight to the original source—few periods are so richly documented—and if I would differ sometimes from her interpretation of motives and character, that is not to say she is at fault. After all, her protagonists are puzzling enough. Elizabeth herself, wise as well as educated beyond her years, Edward, Mary; the three Seymours, Edward, Thomas, and Henry. She is, I think, too kind to Edward Seymour, a man who could have saved his brother's life by a word, or a change in the mode of Tom's trial, and would not. True, Thomas (who married Catherine Parr, Henry's widow) and wished to marry Elizabeth, was a difficult, impulsive fellow; but if Edward had given him that share of power in the council that was rightfully his, he would have satisfied the man's zest and ambition. Miss Irwin believes that Elizabeth, precocious enough at fourteen, was really in love with Tom, and it's possible—though the stories of their intimacy, if true, suggest little but a kind of rough, affectionate, playful relationship. Still, Miss Irwin is entitled to her view; and it gives her the chance of portraying a more appealing child than any other interpretation.

"Young Bess" is full of great scenes, deftly and cleverly written—right at the beginning is a fine passage of the great banquet and dance at which Henry receives his death stroke. There is, again, the journey of Elizabeth in the winter-cold when Catherine Parr (now Tom Seymour's wife) sends her lovingly away from that dangerously attractive husband; another is when the Council's agent, after Tom's arrest, tries to make the girl betray herself and her presumed lover.

Margaret Irwin

Miss Irwin does not subscribe to the absurd opinion that these men and women of the sixteenth century were wholly different from us. One difference, no doubt, is the apparently greater range of sheer physical vitality—she writes of Tom Seymour, after Catherine Parr's death in child-bed, "his body simply wouldn't let him stay sad." And then one remembers poor, weak Cranmer, or eager, invalid Erasmus, or sickly Edward, or Mary, the neurotic, and knows there were as many types then as now. In this belief Miss Irwin has written an historical novel of amazing verisimilitude. Her loving, careful portrait of Catherine Parr is a beautiful piece of work; and no less successful is the brief, angry etching of Edward Seymour's abominable wife, and the tender, ironical drawings of Edward and Mary. In only one thing does Miss Irwin fail. She presents the wretched intrigues, the greed and lust for power that were so large a part of the Reformation; but there are no signs that she recognizes the extent of the power of the simple piety which was used by the grabbers and the grafters in their successful stranglehold on the people of England. Her portrait of Latimer is particularly unfortunate: for Latimer was one of the reformers who really cared for Christ's poor—had there been more of his kind, and fewer like Ned Seymour, Hooper, Cranmer, and the time-serving clergy and nobility, Young Bess's sister Mary would have had a different reign.

WHATEVER YOU GAVE
TO THE RED CROSS—
IT WAS NOT ENOUGH

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Easter and Richard Wagner

PAUL HENRY LANG

UNTIL his last venture in the field of music drama, that is, in his "materialistic" period and the heathen world of the "Ring," Wagner's ideal of the Savior was Siegfried, the superman of primeval instincts who with his sword made tabula rasa of all the ills that gnawed on our decadent human society. In his second, or "transcendental-Christian" period, the new Savior does not perish a warrior, defeated by the weapon of life. Remaining among the living, he yet renounces life and thus becomes victorious. Neither the first nor the second Wagner has any connection whatever with organized Christian religion. Wagner was no theist, unlike many a great musician, he did not seek God; his God is man. His Christ is only a symbol, and in order to give this symbol artistic representation he had to draw upon the well-known external phenomena of religion such as the Lord's Supper, or the white dove. All these phenomena have, however, universal human significance and Wagner took them not so much from organized religion as from the eternally human. Moreover, God, the basic tenet of all metaphysical religion, is not even mentioned in Parsifal. Like his erstwhile friend Nietzsche, Wagner did not believe in metaphysical religion which originates from the eternally unknown, God; both of them wanted to redeem man by man. In fact, Wagner went so far in disposing of organized religion that he intended to replace the latter with art. His *Gesamtkunstwerk* or universal art work was to unite all such cultural values as were necessary for the rebirth of a degenerated humanity, for he was convinced that religion is unable to achieve that goal. This conception of regeneration was perhaps the most typical (and at times noble) error of the nineteenth century. In creating a Christian drama for the operatic stage Wagner did not emulate the composers of the seventeenth and eighteen centuries who wrote religious operas and oratorios, for these works were part and parcel of organized religion. Wagner's "Parsifal is not only apart from organized religion but attempts to re-

Triumph of the Egg

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

CHUNGKING—Chen Kuo-fu, director of Government radio stations, said today that eggs could be stood on end in China once a year, the day spring begins in China.—*New York Times* (U.P. dispatch), Feb. 27, 1945.

CHEN KUO-FU radios from Chungking:
Stand up, egg, here is the spring.

Here's *to* you, Mr Chen; a quick one!
Now I'll tell some, and you pick one.
Bowing low to Mr Chen
I make homage, and Say When,
Remarking, as of even date,
Just when eggs equilibrate.

When there's always clams in chowder,
When false teeth fit without powder,
When the he-dogs in my street
Don't pursue my bitch-in-heat,
When there's no mysterious humming
Somewhere in the upstairs plumbing
While I'm sitting lone and late
Trying hard to concentrate,
When I say, Oh anxious soul,
Everything is in control—

When in March my yard's not mudded,
Radio not supersudded,
When my ticket gets priority,
Senates give two-thirds majority,
When Beauty's eye is always misty,
Always a new Agatha Christie,
When no one is a jerk or goon
And morning lasts all afternoon,
When photographers won't take
The pictures that they call cheesecake
To magnify the female leg—
Then stabilize your mystic egg.

Oh equinoctial angels sing,
If it were so, first day of spring!
It would be Another Story
Were man worth his world of glory,
If the ingenious thwarted ape
Made through flesh his bright escape
And, with poets, had agreed
To cry unshamed his mortal need.

What gives, if Beethoven and Grieg
Broke themselves with brain fatigue,
And the miracle of Marconi
Degrades to publicizing phony?

Oh egg, stand up, however oval;
Be vertical, and shame the devil!
Erect upon your longer axis
Contradict both death and taxes.
Oh Mr Chen, Chungking director,
I wish I could confirm your vector
But see in phase and counterphase
The horror of spring's longer days,
More sun-aghast the hours for me
To brood man's brilliant misery.
Man who measured tube and string,
Created instruments to sing
And rubs the human nerve (his own)
As one would twinge a xylophone.
The word of nonsense, or of mirth,
He bends with joy around the earth,
But God help simple men who bear
The weight of other men's despair
Where only human brain and breath
Can roll away the stone from Death.
They did not say quite all they meant?
Tired men are not eloquent.

So, Mr Chen, don't be impatient:
Few dividends have even quotient.
When man is less the fevered victim
Of germs with which his God has pricked him,
The contradictory bacilli
Of Shall I? Shan't I? Won't I? Will I?
Of brain so sluggish, loins so brisk—
When every life is a Good Risk,
When coefficients never vary
And all the world is actuary,
When mutual all joys occur
And She wants him when He wants her—

Then; alas, and only then,
Will egg stand up for Mr Chen.

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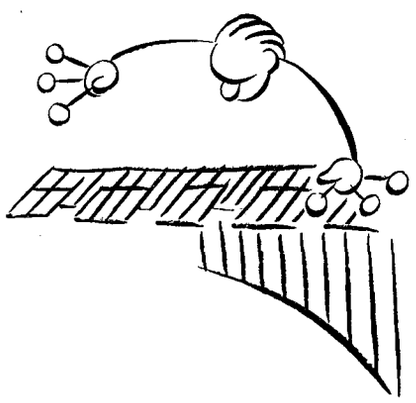
place it. Well aware of the essential profanity of transferring the original churchly symbols onto the operatic stage (Meyerbeer and Massenet were guilty of that) he probably would never have composed "Parsifal" if there had been a temple in which the original Grail was preserved and used for religious ceremonies. Even though unscrupulous and devoid of religious instincts, he was artist enough to sense the blasphemy of charging the stage director with illuminating the Savior's blood with his reflectors. It was not so much Wagner himself as his followers who contributed to the astonishing misconception that Wagner's "consecrational festival play" is synonymous with organized religion. They spoke of "religion" for so long that finally the public came to consider attendance at a performance of "Parsifal" an act of worship, and no one stops to think that it is not possible to suspend the validity of the secular operatic repertory for one evening's divine service.

While it is understandable that people can be misled by vague religious symbolism it is well nigh incredible that those who profess to love and understand Wagner's music can be so naive as to consider "Parsifal" "church music." True, this music is able, in its "religious" details, to recall churchly, or even liturgic, music; but it only reminds the listener of such music and cannot be mistaken for it. The so-called religious music which the romantic musical art of the nineteenth century created through deliberate stylization cannot be likened to the music of religion, for the latter forms as integral a part of the divine service as do the prayers. The romanticism of the nineteenth century conjures religious atmosphere, and the better to achieve this purpose it utilizes liturgic tunes and motives, archaic scales, harmonies, and counterpoints, but without for one moment ceasing to remain stylized tone painting, an artistic sleight of hand. In the case of the "Parsifal" music even this is largely untrue because much of it is based on such unliturgic works as Liszt's "Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses," or the same composer's "Bells of the Cathedral of Strassburg."

That such music could be taken for bona fide religious music affords the best illustration of the fact that religious sentiment itself turned toward the decorative in the late romantic era. Then let us listen to this music, to the chorus of the flower girls. This scene, as a number of other passages, is just as searingly erotic as that of "Tristan," to which it bears close resemblance in musical texture. Indeed, much of "Parsifal's" music bathes us warmly and temptingly in the supreme happiness of sensuality. And Kundry's



death—the usual Wagnerian love death—is just as close to sexual paroxysm as Isolde's celebrated ordeal. Wagner, always driven to the summit of his creative power once his sensualism is aroused, becomes a true artist when composing the music of the magic gardens, revelling in the divine sensualism of the Paradise lost. How could he do otherwise without renouncing the chief deity of late romanticism, the worship of the eternal dream of physical love.

Nor can we even accept the less popular but still exalted compromise and grant that "Parsifal" is not a Christian mystery play but a symbolic representation of high ethical ideals (some of which are of Buddhist origin). Every great art exerts an ethical influence, however, it is not the ethical subject that creates this impression but its aesthetic value. As a work of art "Parsifal" is not successful; it contains many wonderful pages (notably the "set numbers"), some of them truly incandescent, but its inordinate length, generally laborious fabric, and eternally dragging continuity preclude a formal roundedness, the first requisite of a true work of art.

"Parsifal" has no one meaning, Christian and ethical; it has many, hence it is art only and not religion. Still, the "religion" of Wagner's regeneration is a religion of art. This is not at all surprising in the light of the beliefs of late German romanticism which demanded that man stand or fall of his own force, without God. This man is, among other things, a ruthless imperialist and political opportunist; Wagner was notable among them despite all "ethic" and "moral" professions to the contrary. How can he be the bearer of a Christian message when even his admirer Nietzsche denounced "Parsifal" as "Christianity arranged for Wagnerites," when his thought, espoused by his nation, produced the Antichrist? But art, timeless great art, always lives; and "Parsifal" lives too; not in its religion or ethics, but in the best of its music.

South Sea Island Hospital

MOB 3. By Captain Robert P. Parsons. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1945. 248 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THE readers of travel books, that once-great school of literature, have had a thin time of it since the beginning of a world conflict that has left very few places untouched and those mostly uninteresting. The publishers have quite correctly felt that there was very little they could offer in this line with anything but an archaelogical interest after the bombers had been around. Captain Parsons went to one of the few places yet unbombed in charge of a Navy hospital unit and has written a charming and personal travel book about it.

Technically the book is about Mobile Hospital Unit Number 3—mobile only by virtue of the fact that its equipment could be crated and shipped to some other place. (After the only move it made there was a matter of months before the hospital could operate.) There are passages about how some of the men got the injuries that brought them to his institution and there is one whole chapter about an excellent piece of pathological work done by one of the doctors. They take up a small part of the book. There is nothing at all about how the hospital was organized and run, how it was built (he merely lists the difficulties and says they were overcome), where it got its electrical power, or how the occupational therapy department was handled.

These are the matters that would be interesting to the readers who wanted to hear about hospitals. Captain Parsons has quite another range of ideas. He is concerned with the natives of an idyllic South Sea Island who had already arrived at a fairly high state of civilization, how white men react to the same conditions, and how both peoples react to their contacts with each other.

Within this frame it is a good book and a thoroughly interesting one. It would be better and more interesting if some monstrous freak of wartime censorship had not led him to substitute the imaginary name "Elysia" for the real name of the place, which is, by the time one has reached the 65th page, obviously Samoa. For the whole point of the book, if it has any point save as a series of random observations, lies in the results of that American colonial policy of which we are beginning to think much better these days than we did several years ago.

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Strictly Personal

GENIUS IN THE MADHOUSE

ONCE upon a time the *New York Tribune* decided to brighten its pages with colorful reporting of local events, so Mr. Reid bought himself a young reporter or two whom he might otherwise have kept off the payroll. I never saw Mr. Reid, but in the end he knew I was there all right. The city editor was a nice, sarcastic, swearing gentleman who was always asking me, what the hell kind of a place did I think the *Tribune* was?

One Monday I got in on time, while most of the boys were busy with hangovers, or catching up on their sleep, and was summoned to the throne. "For God's sake, find out what this woman wants, I don't know what the hell she is trying to say." I was introduced to a middle-aged woman with glittering eyes and a fine neckpiece of rat's fur around her throat. Her name was Mrs. Adams, and she said, "I want to talk to someone about Ralph Blakelock."

I was just the man for Mrs. Adams. It so happened that I knew about Ralph Albert Blakelock, born in 1847. He was one of our greatest landscape painters, he had an immense canvas in the Met. with trees against a yellow sky and another one of a moonlit tree that I thought had the edge on Corot's trees and moons. I seemed to recall that Blakelock had died ages ago of whatever people die of, or maybe of poverty. But I learned from this jumpy woman with some kind of a facial twitch that Blakelock was only artistically dead, that his living remains were incarcerated in an insane asylum, where his wife had placed him after he had burned up a hundred dollars in the kitchen stove, because that was all he got for a painting for which he had been promised a thousand.

So Blakelock was alive, after all! In those days I had, or thought I had, a scent for a front-page story. If I had been a bird dog, I would have pointed at her, but, being only a reporter, prickles ran up my backbone. I looked in our morgue, where Ralph Blakelock's newspaper biography had ended years ago, though his paintings had come to life all over the country, and had been sold for tens of thousands of dollars. He was a dead man to all intents and purposes, but he had never been officially buried. I poured all this in one long sentence into the ear of the city editor who looked at me as if I was offering him a dose of poison. But he scooped up a phone and called Middletown State Insane Asylum, still glaring at me.

Well, Blakelock was in Middletown all right, and I was on my way to him before the city editor put down the phone. They took me in to see him. Blakelock was in a room that might have belonged to one of the nicer cellblocks in Sing Sing. He had been sitting there, or in other rooms like it, for almost twenty years. He began to talk in a mild voice. He told me about the blue diamond of the Emperor of Brazil that somebody had stolen from

him. If he had it now, he said, he would sell it and go somewhere and paint. The asylum had known nothing about him or his career, except that his name was Blakelock, and that he was mad. The reason why he jumped up from his chair as if someone had stuck a pin in him when I mentioned his canvasses in the Metropolitan was because he was afraid he would be hydropathically punished if he talked about it. I looked at his frightened eyes, and I could hear a warden saying, "Blakelock, in 418, is talking about the Metropolitan Art Museum again, sir," and the director saying, "Take his temperature and give him a bath."

I stayed in the Middletown Asylum for four hectic and fascinating days. I had never been in an asylum before, and I made up my mind right then to maintain an appearance of sanity for the rest of my days. I was aflame with a kind of youthful ardor to make this old man's agony the story of the year, and, somehow, to make up for his neglect by the American people.

Middletown's director was of course charmed to discover that for all these years he and his predecessors had been sheltering a genius. It seems that he had had other geniuses there, nice quiet people, who were a credit to his institution. He thought that geniuses were naturally attracted to insane asylums. I liked him, all right, but he had a young daughter whom I liked a lot better, and I used to sit up with her in the kitchen after midnight when Pa had gone to bed. She had some lovely childhood recollections and one of the nicest was her remembrance of a night when she was chased around the very table I had my feet on by a lunatic, brandishing a carving knife. There was a dance one night and some female screwball who was skipping around took a fancy to the pink-striped shirt I wore and wanted me to take it off and give it to her. It was a good shirt so I kept it on.

One day the city editor phoned me at Middletown and asked me why the hell I didn't come home, and what the devil did I think I was writing, a front-page story? I said, Yes, I was going to write a front-page story, and I wanted two or three columns on the front page for Thursday night. He said, bitterly, "Are you crazy?" I said that I was, but that I was going to bring Ralph Blakelock back with me to New York with the director of the Asylum Thursday afternoon, that I wanted a suite for them at a grade A hotel, and an unlimited expense account for myself for our lunch. "What in God's name is happening?" he screamed. "Look at your art page," I said, coldly, "and you will find a notice of a loan exhibition of Blakelock's paintings on Fifth Avenue near Forty-second Street."

There was a long deadly silence, but when he said, "Christ!" as if I had set fire to his coattails, I knew that I had him, that I had put it over. If I live to be a thousand, I will never experience a moment like that again.

Then he said bitterly, "But you can't write it yourself! I'll give you your two columns and a rewrite man." I said, "I will take the columns and shoot your rewrite man." There was another silence; then, "All right, but I don't believe you can do it." As a matter of fact, I didn't either.

Before we started for New York, I had a long talk with old Blakelock, who still looked nervous when he spoke about his own work. His mind was as clear as a bell about it, until the diamond of the Emperor of Brazil crept in. We talked about the Asylum as if it was a rest home in the country to which he had voluntarily retired. The warden sat beside me, smiling patronizingly at us, as if I were carrying on a conversation with one of his patients who thought he was Jesus or

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Napoleon. I asked Blakelock a silly question. Had he been able to do any painting in Middletown? He said that five years ago he had been given a child's paint-box, but it had been taken away from him, and that a long time ago he had discovered how to paint with ink. He showed me the brushes that he used. Brushes! They were made out of matchsticks, with the white hairs that he had pulled out of his head secured to the ends by rubber bands. I will swear on the Bible that this is true. And he diluted the ink, so that he could get, as he said, an almost infinite gradation of blue colors.

And so Blakelock, who seemed when we were finally on the train, to be less and less of a man, and more like a pale, long-fingered leprechaun, and the director, still inflated with this discovery of a genius who had been under his eyes for years, and my humble and frightened self rode to New York.

When Blakelock had left New York, it was a flat, brownstone city. He looked at the towering buildings on Fifth Avenue, and said mildly, "My, My!"

By this time I was really scared to death. I felt that I had made a damn fool of myself, that I had made the gesture of a D'Artagnan, without having any more courage than a rabbit, that I had put the boss and the whole noble outfit that was the *Tribune,* including Mr. Reid, in a spot they couldn't get out of. Also I knew that I was done for, and I could probably look forward to going back to Middletown—alone.

Well, we arrived at the big art gallery where Blakelock's work was on exhibition. It had been swept clear of visitors. A suave and nervous gentleman in a morning coat and a Van Dyke beard was there; also an experienced reporter from the *Tribune,* to take over in case I fainted, or something. Oh, no, the *Tribune* wasn't taking any chances on me! The gallery walls were lined with Blakelock's paintings, brought there from all over the country, a million dollars' worth, maybe. The effect on Blakelock was prodigious. He seemed to have gained a foot in height. Then I stopped looking at him because I didn't think I could take it any longer.

It turned into quite a story when I got downtown. I wrote it in a daze; it literally ran out of the typrewriter by itself. The *Tribune* gave it the works, front page and all, and some weeks later a fund was raised to get the old painter out of the Asylum and put him in charge of the very Mrs. Adams who told me the story that morning in the office. Of course, Blakelock was graduated from Middletown, cum laude and all. He went to live in the Adirondacks. Four years later he died. Mrs. Adams came to see me after his death, twitching worse than ever and as mad as a hatter, I thought. She said that Blakelock had been murdered by the gang who had been forging his paintings. Maybe he had been. Certainly that afternoon in the gallery he had twice seized my arm and whispered in his precise voice, "I didn't paint that one." And then later, across the room, before another large canvas, "This one I had only started to paint." But that story was never printed. After all, Blakelock was supposed to be insane, wasn't he?

This then, is the true story of the rediscovery of a great American painter. Even the "Dictionary of American Biography" omits the fact that he had been neglected and that his fate was known to only a few. It says mildly, "His health improved so distinctly that he left the asylum where his return to New York created much interest, not only owing to the signal appreciation of his pictures shown by high prices but because of sympathy for a man of attractive personality who had been overtaken by disaster at the high tide of his career." This is streamlined biography with a vengeance. It skips lightly over seventeen years of incarceration and forgets that he was not released because "his health improved" but because an aroused public restored him to life.

There used to be several ways of disposing of painters who were a nuisance while they were alive, but prospectively valuable ten years after they were dead. They could be starved in garret studios, knocked flat by critics, and neglected by commercial galleries who, nevertheless, kept stocks of their forgotten canvasses in storage. Today, if another Ralph Blakelock sprang into prominence, his work would be reproduced in six colors in *Life* and written up in *Time* and *Newsweek.* His mind would not be unhinged by lack of money. He would not be a dead genius while he was still alive.

Newspaper anecdotes do not need any point, but this yarn of the exhuming of Ralph Blakelock has one. It is good to know how far we have come in our willingness to recognize and reward the talents of artists in the last quarter of a century, a period about which so many calumnies have been written. HARRISON SMITH.

Ballad of Esau's Son

FOR LIEUT. JAMES REESE EUROPE

By Martha Keller

("Between concerts, so to express it, the 369th band would get from under the coil of the horns, unsling its drums, and load up with machine guns and go into the deep and mussy trenches and practise on the unhappy wretches on the other side of no man's land. Lt. James Reese Europe himself was the first colored officer to rest elbows against a first-line trench in one of the uncomfortable bois countries. He did solo work with a machine gun forty times heavier than a trombone, and actually got it to working in syncopated time." —Charles Welton, *World Magazine,* N. Y. City, March 30, 1919.)

THE boys of black America,
They march to the harmonica,
The homesick concertina,
And the band's bravissimo . . .
But near the Aisne they played a blues,
A music the machine-guns use—
And all God's Chillun got their shoes,
And chariots swung low.

Like fife and drum on dress parade,
The bitter music was they made.
Their snare-drum was a hand-grenade—
The bayonet, a fife.
To syncopated double-quick
Those black boys made machine-guns click.
Then—like a razor, only thick—
They used the bolo knife.

With bolo and with bayonet
They swept across the parapet
Like music. Like a clarionet,
Like bugles, like the sound
Of trumpets in a power-dive,
They fought by ear and knifed to jive.
And never lost a man alive,
Or gave a foot of ground.

They held the front lines longer then
Than other regiments of men—
Without relief, without, amen,
Replacement or reprieve.
Three thousand miles from Harlem air,
They won and wore the Croix de Guerre,
And with it, something debonair—
Their heart upon their sleeve.

They marched to guns as a guitar.
Those porters of the Pullman Car,
They whistled when they went to war—
To glory and the guns.
Like great Behemoth in his pride,
Together, mighty as the tide,
They took their turn at suicide—
Though they were Esau's Sons.

The boys of black America,
They march to the harmonica,
The homesick concertina,
And the band's bravissimo . . .
But near the Aisne they played a blues,
A music the machine-guns use—
And all God's Chillun got their shoes,
And chariots swung low.

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THE CIVILIAN PROBLEM

WE were flying up from Montgomery, Ala. My companion was a young fighter pilot on his way home for his last furlough before going overseas. It was rough flying weather and the plane kept trying to climb above the rain and the clouds. Finally, it broke out into the clear, brilliant sunlight, sailing into a fairyland of white and blue. Below us was a billowy landscape of incredible artistry—the rolling beauty of an endless countryside of the clouds.

There is an inevitable kinship at times such as these—a community of wonder and awe. You are humbled by a common experience made all the more effective because it is, literally, out of this world. You understand more fully than ever before the true essence of the philosophy of the sky that permeates the books of St. Exupéry.

In this mutuality, there are no secrets. The young fighter pilot sitting next to me began to talk. If he happens to read this, I hope he will forgive me for repeating here the substance of what he said. The following, then, is a guest editorial by a Lieutenant in the United States Air Forces.
—N. C.

I CAN hardly wait to get home. In all these months, down at the training school, you get the feeling that the training period will last the rest of your life. You never expect to see the real war, you never expect you can possibly learn all the things you are supposed to learn and do all the things you are supposed to do in only a single lifetime.

All the time, of course, you keep thinking about home and how nice it would be to spend a week or two there before they finally ship you out. And now, this is it. Tonight I'll be home.

And yet, you get to fear these homecomings, in a way. I've spoken to the other boys. Most of us feel the same about it. You are afraid things will not be as you've anticipated them. You can't help building castles in the air when you live up there so much of the time; and you're hurt when you come home to see they're not real. You're afraid of furloughs because you don't want the shine to be taken off the memories you want to live with when you're over there.

I've seen it happen. The first two hours at home, you're in heaven. Faces you love and voices you love. Your own room. Your own bed. Your own closet with clothes that are much too small for you now, but which you will always want to keep. Then there are the trunkfuls and drawerfuls of the junk that can mean so much—books, papers, letters, pennants, old baseball gloves, ice skates, keys, penknives—just a general inventory of etcetera you wouldn't part with for the world.

But after a little while you begin to get restless. You wander out of the house and stroll around the neighborhood. The streets are the same but many of the faces are new. No point in looking up your friends. The boys you used to know are scattered all over the world. The girls? Most of them are married. The others have somehow disappeared. You are a stranger in your own town.

You walk back to the house. Dinner is wonderful. But you find yourself straining to keep interested in what your mother has to tell you about things that happened since you left. This is something you ought to be anxious to hear, but your mind keeps slipping back to the fellows in your squadron, you keep thinking of your job, and to most of us, this is the first job we've ever had.

You go through the motions of asking Mom about the small things. She tells you about the lady downstairs who keeps her radio on too loud and too long. And then there's that awful struggle with the landlord over getting the kitchen painted.

You hate to admit it, but you can't even remember, later, whether the landlord yielded or not. You can't remember because, and you hate to admit it, you just don't give a damn. It's human to make a full-blown crisis out of getting the kitchen painted, but when you listen to worries such as these, you can't help thinking about people you know who really have something to be worried about. You think of the girl who's married to your friend who cracked up while landing. You can't forget her face when you came around to break the news. As long as you live, you'll remember the night you had to tell the wife of your buddy that his plane overshot the field, smashed, and burned up before we could save him.

The day after that happened, you get a letter from home. You have to put it down before you finish reading it. You put it down because it tells you about things that sound as though they are supposed to matter—only flyspecks compared to what this war has meant to people who have to live in it and fight in it.

Don't get me wrong. I'm no Sir Galahad. It's just that there are millions of kids in this world who have been growing up in uniform these last few years. They've had to learn the hard way. But what about the folks at home? Have they been growing up, too? You get the feeling of a gap getting wider all the time. It mustn't get too wide and I hope enough people are going to try to do something about it.

You hear talk these days about the "veteran problem." What about the civilian problem? This isn't so much the problem of the black market, or of people who like to stay out late in night clubs, or who lounge around Florida beaches. It's a problem that begins with an inequality of sacrifice. It's a problem of belonging. The only time you can belong is when you have some understanding and feeling for what is happening, when you have grown enough to develop a sense of values and a sense of proportion.

This new world we hear so much about will be a job for grown-ups, with a capital G.

Emily Dickinson Among Her Biographers

By Dorothy Brown Thompson

BETWEEN their theories, the swift truths flit
White clad, like her slight self through Amherst gloom,
Her hair a startled glory candle-lit
By sparse-set points of light in a wide room;
And pausing that poised second in the light,
Resenting eyes, she steps beyond the glow,
Annoyance turned to mischief and surmise—
"They do not *know* . . . they will not ever know."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Vale to Mr. Lardner

SIR: As the author of the book, "The Technique of Screenplay Writing," I feel some hesitancy in commenting on the review by Mr. Ring Lardner Jr. [*SRL,* Feb. 10]. Having written the book, I cannot defend it; it must stand on its own.

However, it is necessary to correct a false impression which this review quite shrewdly evokes: Mr. Lardner intends to convince the casual reader that the book was received by professional Hollywood writers with contempt, disinterest, or ridicule.

The exact contrary is true. The review "accidentally" fails to mention the fact that the foreword to the book was written by Mr. Marc Connelly, who was chairman of the Hollywood Writers Mobilization, and, also, for years a member of the Executive Board of the Screen Writers Guild. Mr. Lardner forgets to mention that Mr. James Hilton, first vice president, and Mr. Ernest Pascal, former president of the Screen Writers Guild, have come out in praise of the book and are quoted on the jacket. No mention is made of the opinion of an Academy Award winner like Benjamin Glazer, who wrote: "This book is a service to the motion picture industry." Nor is it mentioned that scores of the finest Hollywood craftsmen like Julien Duvivier, Major John Huston, Henry Koster, Felix Jackson, Samuel Raphaelson, Walter Reisch, Billy Wilder have applauded the book, or that the story editors of four major studios, including William James Fadiman of M.-G. M., consider it a valuable contribution toward better writing in motion pictures.

Instead, to create the opposite impression, Mr. Lardner quotes a young, wisecracking screenwriter who, after a single sentence of the book was read to him, rendered a verdict in the form of a joke. To take one sentence out of its context and to distort it is a method which has fallen into disrepute even among the lowest types of political campaigners. But on such evidence Mr. Lardner attempts to convince your readers.

This approach to a book which has already soundly established itself in professional circles is peculiar enough to arouse some curiosity. Among his many unexplained, disparaging remarks, I found only one definite criticism: his claim that I fail to identify by name the screenwriters who received screen credit on pictures which are mentioned in the book. This, apparently, is not only painful to the vanity of certain screenwriters, (one of Mr. Lardner's pictures is quoted in the book, but his name is not mentioned); it supposedly also harms the prestige of the entire craft.

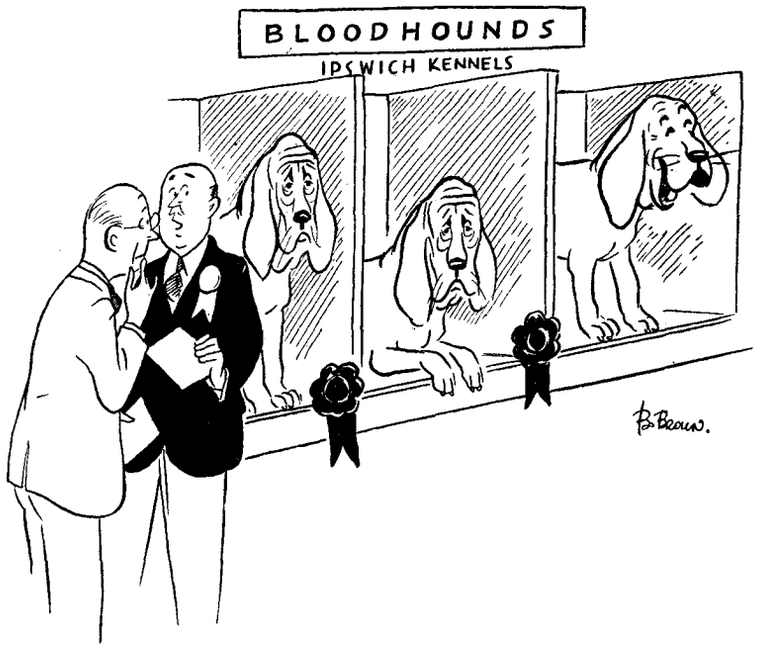
To writers and readers outside Hollywood, such a contention will appear downright incomprehensible. As a colleague of Mr. Lardner's I shall here come to his aid by explaining the motives for his statement. The importance of the screenwriter is still sadly underestimated in Hollywood, a fact which is exasperating and frustrating to most of the serious screenwriters. Producers and directors still change their work at will. Moreover, the present practice of screenwriting is one of the most unusual processes of literary creation imaginable; dozens of screenwriters in succession may be assigned to work on the same script, each deleting and contributing. In the end, it is almost impossible to discern what was contributed by whom. In order to determine who shall receive final screen credit, the Screen Writers' Guild has devised an intricate system of arbitration, evaluating the contribution of each writer in terms of percentages. To obtain credit, bitter and ruthless battles are fought among writers. But in quoting specific instances or scenes from pictures, I could not mention the writers who received screen credit for having contributed the largest percentage, without running the risk of doing grave injustice to the writer who may actually have invented this particular scene. Though Mr. Lardner quotes the screenplay of "The Letter," by Howard Koch, he gives no proof to the initiated that Mr. Koch, for whose talent I have sincere respect, is the actual inventor of this scene I have been informed, perhaps erroneously, that Mr. Wyler was its creator.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Lardner is so immersed in these petty quarrels that he was unable to undertake an objective evaluation of the book. It is unfortunate that he is so engrossed in minor desires like seeing the screenwriter's name in print more frequently, that he overlooks the major grievances of the screenwriter, such as seeing his work brought to the screen with less damaging interferences—an objective for which the Dramatists Guild has set an admirable example. An attitude such as his, far from aiding the writing craft, is one of the causes why the screenwriter has not yet earned deserved respect. I am, perhaps, even more eager than Mr. Lardner to see the screenwriter attain the recognition to which he is rightfully entitled. More and more the importance of the screenplay is recognized. It is a development which is irresistible. To further it, I have written this book, the central theme of which is the thesis that the success of a picture is determined by the merits of the screenplay.

Who, then, has contributed more to the just cause of the screenwriter: Mr. Lardner who indulges in petty squabbles with directors, or I who in the book, "The Technique of Screenplay Writing," attempt to prove, for the first time, that screenwriting, including mere adaptations, is as intricate and difficult an art as play or novel writing? Does not Mr. Lardner rather seriously underestimate the intelligence of your readers when he assumes they do not know that it is the screenwriter who writes the screenplay?

EUGENE VALE.

New York, N. Y.



"I can't understand it—his parents were perfectly normal!"

Riposte

SIR: I have taken no poll of Hollywood writers to gauge how they received Mr. Vale's book, but his letter makes it relevant to report that it was twice submitted to the Screen Writers Guild with a request for an en-

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dorsement and that two different executive boards of that organization turned it down because they thought it was an inadequate book.

My motive in pointing out the shortcomings of the book was much simpler than those which Mr. Vale ascribes to me: I thought it was a very poor and garbled treatment of the subject, which could only serve to increase certain widespread misconceptions about the profession of screen-writing. I am impelled for the same reason to point out that the picture which his letter gives of the processes of creation in Hollywood is an extremely distorted one. There is no justification in fact for his inference that dozens of writers are involved in the creation of a single picture and that "bitter and ruthless battles" precede the determination of screen credits. It is true that arbitrations do occur on a small minority of pictures, but there is an ever-increasing number of screenplays which are the work of a single writer or team of writers. Of the best ten pictures of 1944 as selected by the New York film critics five were screenplays on which only one writer worked, four were the collaborative efforts of two writers apiece, and one represented the consecutive work of a single writer and a team of two writers.

RING LARDNER, JR.
Los Angeles 46, California.

"Music and Management"

SIR: In an article entitled "Needed —A Managerial Revolution" [*SRL*, Jan. 20], the music critic Alfred Frankenstein cites certain alleged abuses in the concert business and prefaces his charges with a flat statement that eighty per cent of the evils which afflict American music arise from the fact that with us, musical management is not a trained profession as it is in many parts of Europe."

Other gripes of Mr. Frankenstein boil down to the following: he thinks it is a shame that not enough San Francisco musicians are employed by the San Francisco opera, orchestra, Art Commission, and other local musical agencies. He guesses that the reason why local youths and talent are shut out from this market is because of the machinations of the two big New York concert managements which he names. He claims that these two agencies are guilty of forcing upon local communities artists they do not want in order that they may obtain artists they do desire.

Short shrift need be granted the turgid provincialism of Mr. Frankenstein. His article was a restatement of another of the same sort printed in his own paper (*San Francisco Chronicle*) last December, and pains were taken at that time by Arthur Judson, President of Columbia Concerts, to tell him that San Francisco talent which merits a wider field gets it. To name but a few: Yehudi Menuhin, Josephine Tuminia, Morley, and Gearhart. The case of a good local pianist, Leon Fleisher, who made a debut with the San Francisco Orchestra, which earned him an appearance with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony was also mentioned as pertinent.

These California artists were discovered and launched by their own folks and have gone out to succeed as their abilities permit. At the same time Spokane launched Patrice Munsel; Montclair, Dorothy Kirsten; New York City, William Kapell; Pittsburgh, Nan Merriman; and dozens of others.

Simultaneously music clubs, musical foundations, music schools, paint companies are conducting contests, awarding prizes, scholarships, debut recitals and what not. The destiny of these youngsters is in the hands of the music critics, not concert management. Whatever the taste or leadership of Mr. Frankenstein and his colleagues, it makes more sense to lay "eighty percent" of the trouble at their doors, for it is on their account that American boys and girls and refugees of all ages crowd New York's concert halls with bookings, in the hope of hitting the critical jack-pot.

From the raft of newcomers and prize winners, musical managements try to pick the most likely to succeed. Assisting them in their decisions they call upon a personnel not so "untrained" as Mr. Frankenstein believes. Of eight executives in Columbia Concerts, the largest of these agencies, all have been in the concert business *more than twenty-five years*. Five are college graduates, two with degrees in music and one with a degree in journalism. One has been manager of a leading symphony orchestra for years. One was for fourteen years general secretary of the Metropolitan Opera Company. One owned the leading concert agency in Europe before the war. Four have traveled the world, and two speak four languages fluently. The evidence that these people are highly trained is overwhelming.

Moreover, they have turned this training to good account, having devised a unique plan called the "organized audience movement," which has greatly stimulated the concert business and been a potent factor in the development of music appreciation. Under this plan, nationwide Community and Civic Concert Associations flourish in nearly 600 cities of the United States and Canada. They were created and are serviced by non-profit divisions of the two national managements about which Mr. Frankenstein complains. These associations provide thousands of opportunities for young American artists as well as established names, and their activities are mainly in cities where there had been no concerts or the few given were financial failures.

To date about 35,000 concerts have been given by hundreds of artists since the inception of the organized audience movement twenty-five years ago and 2,000 concerts a year are given in the United States through these two organizations. This not only means added employment for American artists but reduction in overhead because of short railroad trips, more concerts in less time, and reduction in general overhead costs of advertising materials, etc. These two managements invested close to a quarter of a million dollars each on this project before they began to see results. While it is true that it has turned out to be a good investment for management, it has made an even greater contribution to the earnings of the American artist and an equally valuable cultural contribution to the communities served.

Not only is this plan original, but it is the envy of other nations and being studied by them for adoption. In 1938 by invitation of musical citizens of South Africa, the plan was introduced there and established in twelve cities. As soon as the war is over, there is reason to believe that England and Australia will also adopt this plan for their smaller communities. Representatives of Central and South American republics have been in New York in the past month to study this plan and on May 1, the first of five tours will get under way with a North American artist going to 19 Latin-American cities. Thus some ninety concert appearances in Latin-America are already scheduled, with many more cities on the probable list.

There is abundant evidence therefore that foreign nations are interested in American methods of concert promotion and management and do not hold the immense activity and accomplishment of American agencies in the disdain expressed by Alfred Frankenstein.

Now for Mr. Frankenstein's final point, that unwanted artists are being foisted on his Community. Just as we try to sell San Francisco's proteges to Spokane, we sell Spokane's to Los Angeles, and Denver's to San Francisco. Each of these young artists was born some place, and he can't spend the rest of his life playing for the home folks and get anywhere.

F. C. SCHANG.
New York, N. Y.

(*Mr. Schang is a vice-president of Columbia Concerts, Inc.*)

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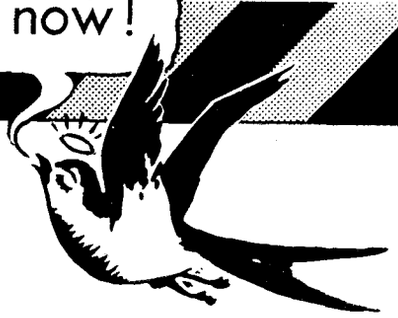

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BY JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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TRADE Winds

BOB HOPE'S "I Never Left Home" had just about crossed the one-million-five-hundred-thousand mark when the Lux Radio Theatre dramatized it on the air. The radio script was written by Carroll Carroll, one of the industry's top-flight writers, and he suddenly got the notion that Simon and Schuster might like to publish it in book form. The ensuing correspondence between Carroll and Mons. Goodman of S. and S. is reprinted herewith to show you how very busy men spend their time.

Goodman to Carroll:

In connection with the submission of your manuscript, "I Never Left Home," we regret that previous commitments preclude our adding it to our list. If I might offer a friendly suggestion, I would suggest that you do a little work on it before placing it elsewhere. (When I say "placing it elsewhere," I trust I will not be misunderstood.) It appears to some of our editors that it has been written with some medium other than our own in mind. Nor do we feel that in these sophisticated times, a "book" about an "entertainer" would be likely to be successful. Then too, your title is regrettable. We of the publishing business look for story value. If your author never left home, where is the story?

Carroll to Goodman:

I have your letter re my manuscript "I Never Left Home." You are quite right—it was originally written for radio, but I think it could be adapted for the less popular form of entertainment called "books." I appreciate your suggestion regarding the title, but must take exception to your statement "that if the author never left home, there is no story." As I remember it, the characters in "Little Women" also never left home, and I believe that book attained some fleeting popularity.

On second thought, however, perhaps there is no story.

Goodman to Carroll:

In re your letter the 23rd inst., would beg to advise that we are not able to consider at this time the publication of your book, "Little Women." I hope you will not take it amiss, Mr. Carroll, if I say there is a war going on and that this is no time to expend critical material such as paper on a book which is in all probability about midgets.

We of Simon and Schuster, Incorporated, have no objection to midgets per se, and would not care to see any part of this letter construed as a reflection against people who are handicapped only by their size and are undoubtedly as good Americans as any of us.

Carroll to Goodman:

If you would turn down "Little Women," you would turn down "David Copperfield."

Regarding your attitude toward midgets, I can only say some of my best friends are considered to be. I, myself, at one time made the weight.

It is men like you who make rationing necessary.

The last three times I tried to get Goodman on the phone, his secretary answered angrily, "Mr. Goodman is in conference, and cannot be disturbed."

A GREAT HARVARD psychiatrist was conducting a series of experiments with a beady-eyed chimpanzee. He told his colleagues, "With sufficient patience, I am convinced I can teach that chimp to do anything. This afternoon I am going to try to make him play tennis." He took the chimp into one of the Harvard squash courts, sat it in a corner while he strode onto the court armed with a tennis racket and ball. For twenty minutes he banged the ball against the walls of the court, running madly to retrieve it, tripping himself up a couple of times, and once bashing his forehead with the racket. The chimp watched without moving. Finally, the exhausted psychiatrist put the racket and ball within easy reach of the chimp, left the court, and closed the door behind him. Then he kneeled on the ground and peered through the keyhole to watch developments.

Glued to the other side of the keyhole was a beady little brown eye. . . .

...ch again—spelling out each ... to the diacritical marks."

"FOR A TIME we played in Madame Dubois's Boulevard-Cinema in Aubervilliers," recalls Joseph Wechsberg in "Looking for a Bluebird" (Houghton Mifflin Company). "Madame Dubois, a buxom lady in tight silk prints, took a poor view of musicians, whom she considered immoral. The cinema was an overgrown barn, filled with old wooden chairs, many of them broken or minus one foot. The outstanding feature of the place was its crowded condition. Madame considered aisles a waste of space and the customers stumbled over one another on their way to and from the seats. The orchestra (piano, two violins, trombone, and a drum-and-sound-effects man imitating shots, automobile crashes, and the cloppety-clop of Tom Mix's horse) was crammed into a chicken coop between the first row and the screen. It was a cheerful life, and would have lasted longer if it had not been for an American film called 'Le Mystère de Madame M.'

"As usual, the whole orchestra was watching the picture during the Sunday matinee, playing in a perfunctory way. The situation on the screen became quite involved, what with three murders, a woman with a past, and a villain who was getting the upper hand. One by one we stopped playing and looked up at the screen in breathless excitement. We were not aware of the silence in the theatre until from one of the boxes came a noise and a girl's voice saying 'Mais non, cheri, pas ici!' There were more noises and then a man said irritably, 'Zut alors! Qu'est-ce que tu veux, le Ritz Hotel?' From the audience came laughter and bold encouragement and the man in the box shouted angrily, 'Ou est l'orchestre?' and there was more laughter.

"After the show, Madame Dubois, shocked to the depth of her virtuous soul, fired the orchestra in a body." . . .

"IN HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS," writes Amy Vanderbilt, "I saw some GIs

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"He finally got what was coming to him. He writes love stories."

goading the town's pet Indian—an old gent with two pigtails, so help me. 'How do you like Hot Springs?' one of the GIs asked. 'Well, we got rid of it, didn't we?' replied the Indian." . . . Carolyn Coffin submits the story of a farm lad who was drafted. Home on his first furlough, he was asked what he thought of Army life. "It's fine," he declared enthusiastically. "The food's good, the work's easy, and best of all, they let you sleep real late in the mornings." . . . Betty Smith, at work on another novel about Brooklyn, took time out to explain, "When an optimist says 'This is the best of all possible worlds,' it's the dyed-in-the-wool pessimist who replies 'You're probably right!'" . . .

EARL WILSON, who keeps well abreast of the times in his amusing "I am Gazing Into My 8-Ball," tells about one writer who never knew when to end a story, and dribbled on forever. His editor commanded him to write no more than three pages in his next chapter. The writer got through pages one and two all right, but then creative genius took hold of him again, and he filled fourteen more sheets. He solved the problem by pasting all fourteen together and labeling them "Page three." Even Wilson, seldom stymied, doesn't dare report the editor's comments. . . .

ROOTS.—Henry Luce's first newspaper job was on *The Chicago News.* He was assigned to picking up stray items for Ben Hecht's column, and his pay was $16 a week. Hecht soon discovered that his young assistant had too much personality of his own for a job of that sort, and had him promoted to the city desk. . . . John Steinbeck once held down a regular job for a number of weeks in New York City. He was a brick carrier for the construction of the new Madison Square Garden. His first book, "Cup of Gold," was written while he was watchman of an estate seven thousand feet up in the High Sierras. The owners fired him for letting a pine tree fall through their roof. "I didn't do it on purpose," explained Steinbeck. "In fact, I was off fishing." . . . Do you remember a cheap, kitchen-gossipish book about a President's reputed daughter? It was ghosted, for an outright payment of $500, by a needy young authoress who today is recognized as one of the best short story writers in America, and considered by many superior even to Katherine Mansfield. . . . Harry Hansen spent an idle afternoon thumbing through Haycraft and Kunitz's invaluable "Twentieth Century Authors" to discover unused middle names of distinguished writers. Among the treasures he uncovered were Christopher Darlington Morley, Carl Clinton Van Doren, Newton Booth Tarkington, Gilbert Vivian Seldes, Sidney Joseph Perelman, Elliot Harold Paul, and Elmer Holmes Davis. . . . The loveliest Root that comes to mind offhand is Virginia Gilmore, who is playing "Dear Root" at the Henry Miller Theatre. . . .

LEOPOLD GODOWSKY, the late composer, was subject to insomnia. His son, who lived with him until his marriage, was a sound, heavy sleeper. When the father was having a particularly bad night, it was his amiable practice to enter his son's room, shake him vigorously, and say, "What's the matter, my boy? Can't you sleep either?"

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

WHILE PARTCH'S fifteen figures were gesticulating, whispering and weeping down my last column, I retired to my little country estate. The Ivory Tower, wrapt in a sensitive nostalgia and a deep melancholy at the thought that even the Savannah acacia may be bitten by the frosts of April.

STRETCHING like a puma, I sank into the voluminous folds of a leather chair made for me by Claus of Innsbruck, and soon my whole being was suffused with a sense of soft suffusion. In this state I cast my eyes about the room. There on the ponderous refrectory table (early Hammacher Schlemmer) I saw my treasured copy of **Fantastic Memories,** by MAURICE SANDOZ, with illustrations by SALVADOR DALI. A weird light danced about it; I had seen no such light since that night in the Casbah in Adjdrobabah when a curtain parted and I beheld a vniirh spying on a jniith with a blue diamond in his forehead. But where are the snows of yesteryear and how does it look from Sandy Hook to Hatteras?

AS I stared at **Fantastic Memories**—I noticed a spider the size of a man's hand, descending from the ceiling on a nylon fibre. Lugubriously it descended until its body was directly above the jacket of **Fantastic Memories.** And there in a blaze of light, it reached one of its legs up over its head and deftly severed the nylon thread. My eyes started in their sockets and I followed close behind. When I reached the table what I saw made me scream and brought Old Scrofula, that's the butler, rushing into the room.

"DID you scream, Sir?" he asked, raising his glistening eyes appealingly. "No—" I replied, "It's nothing, nothing at all. I just thought I saw a spider the size of a man's hand descend from the ceiling and land on the jacket of this book, **Fantastic Memories,** by MAURICE SANDOZ." "But there is a spider on the jacket, Sir," he said with a wry smile. Quoth I, "Nevermore."

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paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Contradictory Impressions

THE PHILOSOPHY OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By Morris Zucker. New York: The Arnold-Howard Publishing Company. 1945. 2 *vols.*, 1,764 *pp.* $4.50 *per vol.*, $8.50 *for set.*

Reviewed by JACQUES BARZUN

IN the title of Mr. Zucker's essay the accent should fall on the word "philosophy." It is a new theory of history that he propounds and it is in his first volume that his original contribution to an ancient art must be looked for. The second volume is the application of the discovery to the American scene.

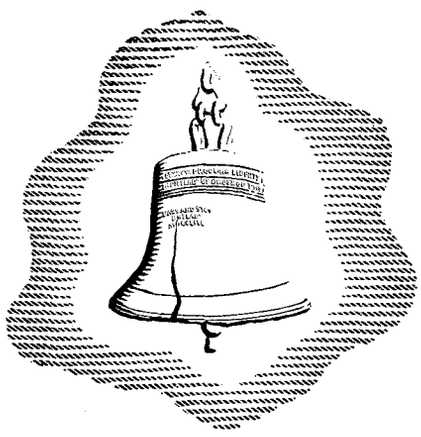
Like many other students of history, Mr. Zucker is bothered by the absence of certainty in historical writings, which makes social prediction impossible and individual enlightenment precarious. He has a powerful wish to see history become a science and this wish has become father to two excessively large books. According to their author, and in virtue of these very books, history now is a science; all previous views of the subject are obsolete; and a henceforth inescapable Field Theory must rule our researches and their presentation: Mr. Zucker has presumably given us both principle and example.

But one obstacle—perhaps I should say the main obstacle—to an acceptance of his *scienza nuova* is that it is almost impossible to discover what the new field theory is. In the volume devoted to it, one finds a mass of quotations from historians living and dead, accompanied by ready-made sneers at their shortcomings, and a recurrent appeal to objectivity, analysis, causality, and various other abstractions drawn from the language of science. Several of the most important topics, such as causality, crop up several times at wide intervals, never once receiving thorough treatment nor establishing with the precision desirable in philosophy the author's special views. Here, for instance, is part of a recapitulation which occurs within fifty pages of the end:

> The structure of society has been analyzed and the fact has been established that there exist definite forces within society which affect, and in time modify, its internal relations. These social forces possess a definite direction for a given form of social organization, and the historical field established by the interaction of the social aggregates provides the matrix in which are created those circumstances, or events, which history records.

This suggests Marx's style at its most relaxed and it is evident from Mr. Zucker's express satisfaction with Marx's historical theories that he has acquired self-assurance from their frequent insights as well as a fondness for their phraseological quicksands. Not that Marx fully answers Mr. Zucker's requirements, for Marx failed to "analyze" the democratic state and cannot, according to Mr. Zucker, give us the light we need at this point in history.

The reader of Mr. Zucker's ambitious work will find himself responding to contradictory impressions. Clearly the author is moved by a sincere feeling for humanity, particularly the exploited, the oppressed, and the war-weary. Mr. Zucker has also done what seemed to him a conscientious job of reading. He quotes with a liberality which almost impoverishes the reader's stock of patience, and he comments on the same copious plan. But where one expects an historian to reveal his gifts—precision of utterance, concreteness of detail, organizing power, and sense of life, Mr. Zucker is unfortunately wanting. So deficient is he in these regards that again and again he unwittingly misrepresents the writers he quotes. A perfect howler about Rousseau's "Social Contract" is but one example. The failure to find meaning in a sentence of Emerson's is another. Charles A. Beard and James Harvey Robinson would perhaps have most to complain of in point of bulk. Yet it would be cruelty to insist on a greater grasp of context and intention from a historian who can write apparently with only a childhood recollection of the novel: "Robinson Crusoe alone on a desert island is removed from the orbit of the social influence." He does not see far enough into his own propositions and constantly mistakes cloudy tautologies for explanations. To become a twentieth century Vico, it is not enough to choose the role and read one's contemporaries: one must have the historical sense and the ability to impart it with knowledge, accuracy, and force.



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Friends Out of Stock

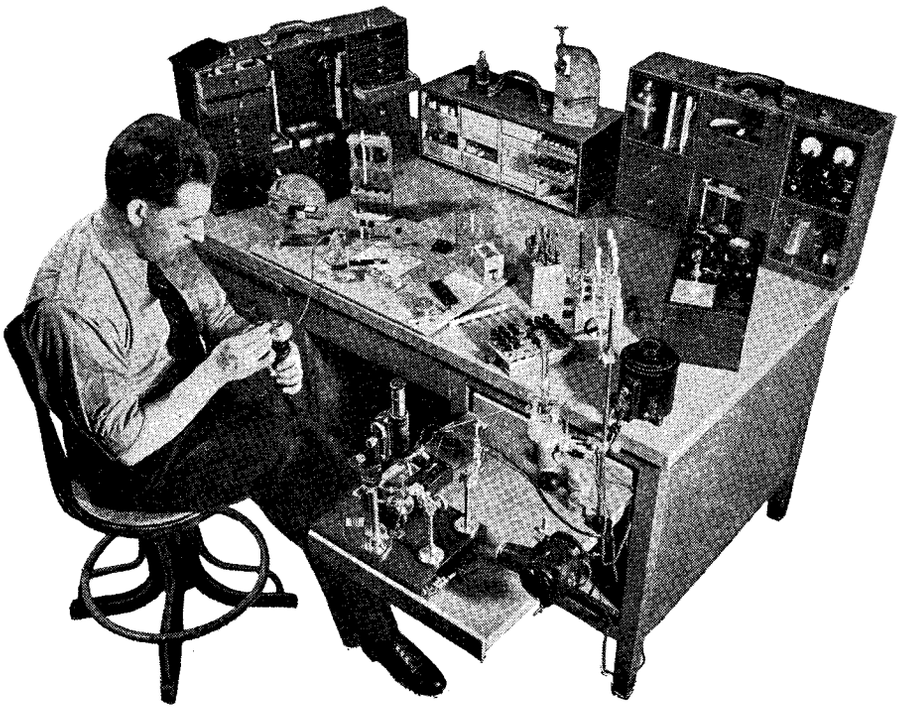
SAY UNCLE. By Dorothy Burgess. Hollywood: Murray & Gee. 1944. 256 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

DOROTHY BURGESS is a stage and screen actress who writes and sculpts when she is not otherwise engaged. "I write at least six hours a day and spend the rest of my time with my clay," she says. Considering her faithfulness to the literary art it is a pleasure to report that a portion of her efforts now are available to the public. "Say Uncle" is described as a novel but the reader can take his choice in this matter, for there are all sorts of riches concealed in Miss Burgess's prose. Not the least of her services to the reading public is the restoration of certain characters long absent from popular fiction. One of these is Magnolia, the faithful mammy who follows her white child north when the fairest flower of the South marries a rich Yankee. It is good to meet Magnolia again and hear her address her "honey chile" as "yo' all." Miss Burgess has given Magnolia a fat part, including the following speech, "Us colored folks is sometimes born with a wisdom dat don't come out of no books."

There is also Sambo, who is afraid of ghosts, and Sin Low, a Chinese boy who says, "Velly good." The heroine is Madge, a beautiful girl whose husband does not realize how deeply she loves him. The villainness is Marlo Drew, an actress whose real name is Aggie O'Toole. The hero, naturally, is called John. The most important figure in the plot is Uncle Louie, who was blown to pieces in his laboratory forty years before the story opens. Since then he has brooded because he was never able to prove to the world that he was a genius. Madge unlocks the closet in which his ghost has been incarcerated, and Uncle Louie sets out to complete his secret formula and bring John back to Madge. This is the stuff of comedy, but Miss Burgess, being a woman, and therefore aware of the seriousness of the situation when a husband is on the loose, has written some highly tragic scenes, all of them dominated by Madge. There is no need to reveal the ending; anyone who cannot guess it deserves to buy the book and find out the hard way.

The publishers of the book "Say Uncle" describe it as, "one of the rarest treats that has hit the bookstalls since death stilled the inimitable pen of the late Thorne Smith." It may be that publishers, to paraphrase Magnolia, "is sometimes born with a wisdom greater dan dat of reviewers."



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Seeing Things

INVITATION TO LEARNING

THIS is a thank-you note. It is addressed—for forwarding—care of the radio program known as "Invitation to Learning," which the Educational Department of CBS puts on the air each Sunday morning. Classify it as fan mail, if you will. But remember, it is fan mail headed deliberately for the Dead Letter Office.

Recently I happened to appear on "Invitation to Learning" with J. Donald Adams of *The Times*, when Carl Van Doren was the master of ceremonies. The subject for discussion had been chosen for us. It was Addison and Steele.* Or, if you prefer, *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*. The two men and the two magazines are in this case, foolishly enough, held to be synonymous.

I think I am accurate in reporting that Mr. Adams, Mr. Van Doren, and I were in a grateful mood, when on this particular Sabbath we assembled in the studio. "Enter smiling," runs the old stage direction. Each of us obeyed it to the letter. There is a special look that lights the faces of people discussing a genial author whose works they jointly admire. This look shone like Neon on our faces that Sunday morning. Palpably our home-work for the program had been a joy, not a chore.

I had not re-read *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* for at least five years. Then I had thumbed through them hurriedly, in a frantic attempt to keep pace with the worse than journalistic deadlines of a summer school class I was conducting in what is supposed to be the academic leisure of a campus. Previous to that summer, I had read *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* only in school and college, which means that I had read them, not when I was ready for them, but when my teachers were. As well pour champagne into the milk mug of a two-year-old. A book is as much what you are able to bring to it as it is what an author has been able to put in it. The brightest lighting fixture remains dark until it has been plugged into the correct socket.

There are many books which, like youth itself, are too good to be squandered on the young. Among these *The Spectator* and *The Tatler* belong. In fairness to a just appreciation of their merits, they should be protected from the weariness of teachers and the coercions of classrooms.

We should lift from their joyous pages the stigmata of their being classics. No fate that lies in waiting for a book can be crueller than the one which establishes it merely as a classic. More often than not, a classic is a work which older people do not read. They relinquish it, along with measles and mumps, to youth, and are content to remember it only from their own youthful readings.

Many a dead author, supposedly secure in the world's memory, lives as a classic only to die annually a second death in the schoolrooms. The worst aspect of being a classic is that, since you have been so long discovered, you attract no discoverers. You are approached with a reverence which can kill joy, and out of a sense of obligation rather than because of a desire for pleasure.

The scholars, alas, are men as a rule better equipped to collect facts than to appreciate beauty or surrender to pleasure. They are apt to be more interested in the history of the vineyard than in the taste of the wine. Often they know what everyone has said about a book, though the book in question never seems to say anything to them.

The Tatler and *The Spectator* should be read for pleasure alone, and not because the College Board Examiners are lurking behind a calendar. Their pages should be waited for as impatiently as all of us now wait each week for a new *New Yorker*. And, like *The New Yorker*, which they so closely resemble in their perfections, their laughter, their smiling sanity, and even, at times, their point of view, *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* should be cherished, not studied.

In their pleasure lies their real instruction. They are too ripe for the unripe; too witty for those who cannot as yet be expected to know the values from which their wit is distilled.

"NO," wrote Mr. Shaw when answering a request that he give his permission to include part of "Saint Joan" in a volume meant for secondary schools. "NO, I lay my eternal curse on whomsoever shall now, or at any time hereafter, make schoolbooks of my works, and make me hated, as Shakespeare is hated. My plays were not designed as instruments of torture. All the schools that lust after them get this answer, and will never get another from—G. Bernard Shaw."

—*SRL Wood Engraving by Frances O'Brien Garfield.*

Joseph Addison

Mr. Shaw's mention of Shakespeare reminds me of a letter Clifford Odets once dashed off to me, when "Awake and Sing!" had been produced and he was working on "Paradise Lost." "In my usual dilatory way I have just discovered Shakespeare," wrote Mr. Odets. "What a wonderful artist!!! How privileged I feel to be able to read him with a mature mind instead of a schoolboy's impatience."

It is because I am still under the spell of my recent re-reading of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* that I write this thank-you note to CBS's Leon Levine. If you thank a hostess for a good meal, the least you can do is thank the person who has introduced you to a good friend.

Please notice that I say "friend," not "friends." Because, when it comes to Addison and Steele, Addison is my man. I would not take a great deal for the fun of having had him disentangle himself from Steele, and emerge from the pages of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* as a writer who stands alone.

When anthologized for classroom purposes, Addison and Steele are two mortals coalesced into one. And that one is Sir Roger de Coverley—mainly at the play. But, from now on, I at least will know that whoever rattles off the names of Addison and Steele as if they were inseparables is someone who has not re-read them since first he was coerced into doing so in school.

The idea for the papers was Steele's. He was the innovator. One-hundred-and-fifty-five numbers of *The Tatler* had been issued before, on April 6,

**SELECTIONS FROM ADDISON AND STEELE. Edited by Will D. Howe for the Modern Student's Library. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1921.*

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ROSE FRANKEN'S COMEDY HIT
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1710, Addison made his first appearance. It was Steele who in *The Spectator* drew the first sketches of the members of the Club. It was he who outlined Sir Roger, the lovable country gentleman; Sir Andrew Freeman, the likable London merchant; Captain Sentry, the blunt military man; and gossip-rich Will Honeycomb, who is "very ready at the sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women." But the skeletons he supplies are given their real flesh and blood by Addison.

Although Steele has a way of seeming always on the verge of tears, he can be witty. It is he, for example, who confesses that in company he has often noted to his sorrow how a story "of a quarter of an hour long in a man of five-and-twenty, gathers circumstances every time he tells it, until it grows into a long Canterbury tale of two hours by that time he is threescore."

Steele could write, too, even if the dust of the years has settled on his paragraphs. His sentences do not leap into life, as Addison's do, with that wonderful sense of being contemporary. Steele belongs to his age as surely as the best of Addison is ageless. Although he has his fine moments, Steele is a prig. His is the pulpit manner, the more out of place because it is employed in the coffee-house. His moralizing is as tiresome as his own drinking must have been. The breakfast food he supplies in his essays he takes pains to serve either in a prayer-book or a tear bottle. In his pages the country is like a formal garden; the city, an adult Sunday school. You stay with his contributions mainly to find out when Addison will next appear. When he does appear, the contrast is as marked as the relief is genuine.

Addison was a moralist but not in Steele's manner. Morality was the fashion of the day. The moralists of the age of Queen Anne represented a reaction from the license of the preceding age. It was as natural a reaction as is that which compels any reader of "Forever Amber," upon putting it down, to reach for "The Bar Sinister" or any other clean dog story.

The contemplation of goodness makes Addison gay rather than lugubrious. He preaches by smiling rather than by pointing. He never raises his voice. He never bludgeons as Jeremy Collier had done before him, or as Westbrook Pegler does today. He remains unruffled; the champion of reason as sweet as it is rare; the epitome of the urbane.

"It was said of Socrates," wrote Addison, "that he brought philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought

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philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses." He wants to be considered as part of "the tea-equipage" among his readers in their well-regulated families. Although he confesses, half humorously, that he will spare no pains to make instruction agreeable and diversion useful, diversion and instruction are always linked in his thoughts. His chief abhorrence seems to have been minds that lie fallow.

Addison states the ludicrous, not by drawing what might be, but by drawing what is, and so nudging the facts that they laugh at themselves. He has a horror of being dull, and promises his readers faithfully that he will give

over the paper as soon as he becomes so. He deplores false humor, noting that "True Humor generally looks serious, while everybody laughs about him. False Humor is always laughing, whilst everybody about him looks serious." He hates the joke that is overdrawn; the nonsense that makes no sense.

He is a man who delights in noting the oddities of normal men. Whenever he stumbles upon a cluster of people he joins them, because at heart he is *The New Yorker's* Inquiring Reporter. But, though he remains silent in the presence of people, he never fails to be observant. When, on a stroll through the Mall, he finds three or four park-bench politicians sunning themselves at dinnertime, he adds, "Observing them to be curiosities in their kind—I sat down among them." His curiosity is insatiable when it comes to mortal curiosities. His trained eye observed every detail. Then he led the details to the confessional. Two of the finest pieces in *The Tatler* are Addison's descriptions of the newsmongering upholsterer who had a wife and several children, "but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family." And of Tom Folio, that broker in learning, who is as learned in the editions through which books have passed as he is ignorant of their contents.

Westminster Abbey, the coffee-houses, milady's headdresses, the Talk of the Town, and profiles, in this case, of fictional types made real, coupled with a great warming love of the English countryside—all of these are themes within Addison's easy range. He writes of them so personally that we soon begin to relish him as a person; to know his tastes; to respect his whims; and to realize that beyond his great scholarship lies one of the most lovable of men.

The City lives in Addison's pages, much as it lives in the pages of *The New Yorker,* even if its costumes and its habits are inevitably different. Like Wolcott Gibbs and E. B. White, Addison can be eloquent without being florid, and witty without being effortful. Like them, he is wise enough to know the importance of trivia. Like them, he is blessed with a style as easy to read as it must be difficult to master. Like them, he can keep his most serious sentences as triumphantly light as a soufflé. Like them, he writes English stripped, clean, and lovely, which creates a dancing melody of its own. Like them, he has a gift of thinking uncommon thoughts and stating them so simply that the average man is persuaded he must have thought them too. Like them, he is a critic of manners no less than of plays; a critic who sees through the absurdities of Italian opera; a critic who rises courageously in a classical age to the defense of such a naive old ballad as "Chevy Chase." Like them, the most disturbing, entertaining, and unusual thing about him is the unblinking sanity with which he surveys all that is pretentious or absurd around him.

Addison's description of his backstage visit at the Haymarket to find out the true nature of the three men who, during the season, had dressed up as a lion to combat Signior Nicolini is a piece to be read with the same joy with which one picks up the latest issue of *The New Yorker.* "I have made it my business to examine whether this pretended lion is really the savage he appears to be, or only a counterfeit.

"But before I communicate my discoveries, I must acquaint the reader, that upon my walking behind the scenes last winter, as I was thinking on something else, I accidentally jostled against a monstrous animal that extremely startled me, and upon my nearer survey of it, appeared to be a lion rampant. The lion, seeing me very much surprised, told me, in a gentle voice, that I might come by him if I pleased: 'for,' (says he,) 'I do not intend to hurt anybody.'" Etc., etc.

When the world is as black as it now is, it is encouraging to have the centuries shrink, even as geography has shrunk of recent years, and to realize how close the kinship can be between what was civilized in the past and remains miraculously civilized even now. The only ungrateful note I must include in this fan letter, addressed to J. A., care of CBS, is that there is not enough of him in the all too scant "Selections from Addison and Steele" which we were told to use as our common text, and which Scribner's published for the Modern Student's Library in 1921.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

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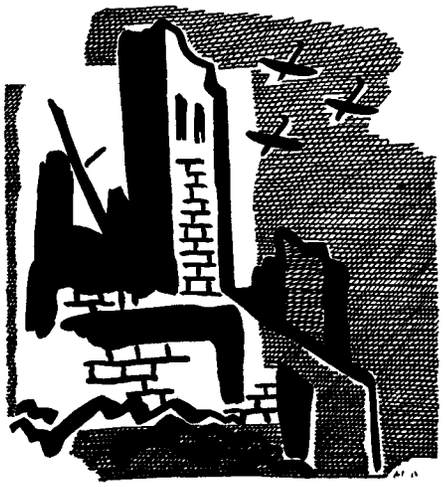
The German Home Front

CIVIL LIFE IN WARTIME GERMANY: The Story of the Home Front. By Max Seydewitz. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 448 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

As this review is written, a victorious American army, after having hoisted the Stars and Stripes over captured Cologne, is already pushing across "Germany's stream yet not her border" as one of the early lyrical forerunners of the Nazis called the Rhine. And in the east, Soviet vanguards are but a few miles away from the city limits of Berlin. No prophetical gifts are needed to predict that within a few months or even weeks we shall be in possession of the most complete first-hand reports on every aspect of German civil life during the war, and that many a burning question asked and discussed ever since the first panzers raced into Poland on that fateful September day, 1939, will then be answered authoritatively and for good. Yes, in a very near future we shall definitely know what the years of Hitler's total war have done to the spirit of the German people, how many were poisoned by Nazism beyond redemption, and how many woke up and will be ready to support an attempt to transform Germany into a truly democratic state, prepared and willing to live peaceably together with other nations.

Under such circumstances, a book that tries to answer these questions through the medium of Nazi papers, reports of foreign observers, underground informations, and other—necessarily fragmentary—material gathered and analyzed across the Baltic in neutral Sweden, seems *now* to come a bit late. And indeed, if "Civil Life in Wartime Germany" were but another book of plain reporting or of compilation and comment, it would be outdated almost on the day after publication. However, the fact that Max Seydewitz, a former member of the *Reichstag* and one of the most dynamic figures of the numerically so potent and yet tragically split and paralyzed German labor movement, possesses a keen sense of history (both past and in the making), and that he is one of the few exiles who are likely to play an important part in the political life of postwar Germany, endows his book with much wider aspects.



Besides drawing a forceful picture of the social fabric of Hitler's National Socialist Reich under the stress of war, Mr. Seydewitz presents us with a valuable contribution to the basic history of the laws of growth and decay of fascist power, and he builds up a strong case for his contention that there are, within the German population, all the germs for a new democratic way of life, once Nazism is defeated and destroyed.

The last hundred pages of the book represent its most thought-provoking, most informative, but also controversial part. Here, Mr. Seydewitz analyzes in a splendid way the reasons for the failure of the officers' revolt in July, 1944. Here, he explains convincingly how the Nazis managed to keep up the war production and the home front discipline even after despair and mistrust had befallen large sections of the population. And it is here that he discusses with apparent knowledge and experience the nature of the opposition groups inside Germany.

A fiery and honest believer in the possibility of a healthy transformation of his people, Mr. Seydewitz points hopefully to the changed attitude of the opposition groups towards each other. Says he, with regard to the officer rebels: "Whoever has taken up arms against the Nazi dictatorship, risking his own life in that struggle, must be counted among the progressive elements of the nation—no matter for what motives and by what detours he has finally come to act." And in dealing with the old anti-Nazi opposition:

> The relations between those of various shades of belief in the resistance movement have changed completely in the years of strife. . . . After ten years of Nazi terrorization, the active anti-Nazis look on the differences that used to separate them as unimportant. . . . The difference that separated a Communist from a Conservative or from a (former) National Socialist no longer counts today.

The immediate future will tell whether or not Mr. Seydewitz's optimism is of that happy kind that "walks firmly on this earth while the eyes are already drinking the morrow."

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Spongy Country

DEEP DELTA COUNTRY. By Harnett T. Kane. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1944. 383 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PAUL FLOWERS

THE Deep Delta is that narrow strip of land along the Mississippi River between New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico, where for more than 260 years an amphibious civilization has been developing.

Until recent years brought the discovery of oil and sulphur far beneath those flat and fertile acres, this was the Continental United States' nearest approach to a semi-tropical paradise, where food in abundance was to be had for the taking, where crude shelter served admirably except when a tropical hurricane swept in from the Gulf to level all in its path, where men lived in reasonable comfort without the blessings of the gadget era.

Until this landscape, stretching 115 miles in length and perhaps a third of that in width, became studded with oil and sulphur-well derricks, it was a terra incognita to the rest of Louisiana and for that matter, to the rest of the world. For it was isolated, accessible only by water, and its inhabitants continued to be independent of and aloof from the outside world, except for occasional trips to New Orleans to sell produce and seafoods.

Kane relates how this spongy and shifting land was settled by the Spaniards, possessed by the French, and sprinkled by adventurous Englishmen and frontier Americans. Then he tells how the Dalmatians, Italians, Irish, and Orientals came to enjoy nature's bounties and struggle against the elements, and how all these heterogenous stocks today are being fused into a more homogenous mass, with the resultant loss of the folkways, language, and customs that marked each group in the past.

It is more about the people than the land that Kane writes. He calls forth the memory of the Catholic priest-naturalist A. Barthélemy Langlois, whose researches on the area's flora became definitive. He tells how Bienville's engineer Pauger conceived the idea of letting the river scour out its own mouths, a scheme later put into effect by Eads. He extends full credit to the Quadroon Norbert Rillieux for the invention of sugar-evaporating equipment that brought sugar fortunes to the Deep Delta, and he goes on to relate how the sugar industry declined and died, carrying with it the destruction of proud dynasties.

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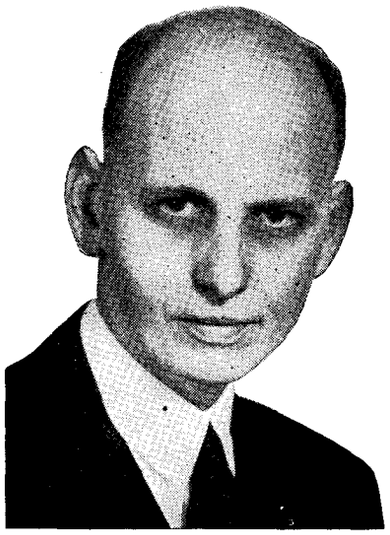

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English, American, Dalmatian, Italian, Irish, Oriental, and Negro that Kane devotes most of his attention. The shrimp fisherman, the oyster luggerman, the muskrat trapper, the orange grower, the truck farmer, the hunter of waterfowl, the French native who subdues alligators with bare hands. Here the reader goes to the levee with the native, to watch for the treasures from the entire watershed brought down on the broad bosom of the stream, everything from a set of steps for the house to a cradle for the baby.

These are the people about whom he writes, their bouts with rich flavored orange wine, their lusty loves and unreasoning fears, their loyalties divided between the university-trained physician-surgeon and their own native *remède* man; their struggles against flood and hurricane hazards and insect pests; their warm hospitality, and their occasional outbursts of bellicosity.

From the speech of these people Kane reproduces strange dialects with high fidelity, a feat possible only for one who knows the people from long and intimate association.

The book has some qualities of a eulogy for the last outpost of genuine rugged individualism, the sort wherein every man could be a Kingfish many generations before Huey P. Long introduced his own brand of streamlined politics to Louisiana.

Adroitly blending romance and history, Kane makes his story of these people and their land move rapidly and with purpose. He makes no effort to conceal his own nostalgia for a way of life that has vanished, but he makes that way of life appear quite attractive despite its ruggedness.

"Deep Delta Country" is one of the American Folkways Series.

"To a Thundering Climax"

TROOPERS WEST. By Forbes Parkhill. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1945. 249 *pp.* $2.75.

Revieved by PHIL STONG

BACK in 1879 your Star MacArthur (not related—purely fictional), a surgeon who has invented a fracture clamp, has joined the Army engaged in keeping the Indians quiet, not with any intention of pursuing a military career indefinitely, but because he considers this the likeliest place in which to find specimens on whom to demonstrate his invention.

He falls in love with a visitor from the east but before he can stumble to a proposal his outfit is summoned to find out what is the matter with the Utes on one reservation, from which the agent has called for help. Plenty is the matter. The scandalous Bureau of Indian Affairs of that time—and most times—has appointed as agent a partly-lunatic, Bible-quoting Fourierist who is trying to make an agricultural commune of the tribe. He has fenced off his grain patches with barbed wire on which the Indian ponies cut themselves, attempted to force the warrior-hunter braves to dig an irrigation ditch and take up plowing, and committed various crimes of omission and commission.

Two Indian leaders confer with the leader of the expedition and say there need be no bloodshed if the agent is removed. Anyone else who wants to leave may go but Oliver must go. Furthermore, the treaty says that no troops are to enter the reservation, but they will allow a wagon driver and the doctor—whom they know from an earlier hunting expedition—to come in and move Oliver and those who choose to go with him.

At the agency, however, Starr finds a fanatic who talks almost entirely in Bible phrases, contends that he sent the appeal because of pressure from the women, and flatly refuses to leave his chosen people. Starr is quite impotent against a continual roar of Gospel and explains the matter to the chiefs, pleading for another day or two to persuade Oliver. They assume that this is merely another case of a white man's lies and consent with too much readiness. Shortly afterward they shoot up the agency and burn it down.

Starr has found the young schoolmistress whom he had met on his hunting trip; she has fallen in love with him, and in deadly danger and flight he discovers that he might be able to fall in love with her. The survivors from the agency manage to reach the main body of troops, only to find that they have been ambushed and are in almost as bad condition as the fugitives.

During the fighting that ensues Starr finally has a chance to use his fracture clamp and in the next few days, while they await possible rescuers, he seems to be about equally concerned with his and the girl's survival, and the survival of the patient who has been clamped.

The story mounts rapidly to a thundering climax, with ironic overtones. The book for once justifies the standard publisher's blurb that one had better not start the novel in the evening unless he expects to keep late hours.

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Wavell on Allenby

ALLENBY IN EGYPT. By Field Marshal Viscount Wavell. New York: Oxford University Press. 1944. 156 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by W. H. HINDLE

AS one of Lord Wavell's many admirers, I took up this second and concluding volume of his life of Allenby with great expectation. I laid it down somewhat disappointed. It has evidently been written under the stress of wartime military and political duties, and it reflects those conditions. Even when eked out with the two chapters on "Allenby the Man" and "Allenby the General" from the preceding volume, it is too slight for its subject.

This is not to say that "Allenby in Egypt" has not some virtues. Anything that Wavell writes has something of his own good qualities. He tells his story straightforwardly, and with a natural simplicity such as many of us spend a lifetime of art trying to achieve. His one good eye sometimes sees more clearly through the shibboleths of politics, British and Egyptian, than many men's two eyes. A whole treatise might be written on the Milner Mission to Egypt, and in the end do no more service to the cause of truth than does Wavell in three words when he describes Milner as an "illustrious red herring" dragged across the path of Egyptian nationalist aspirations. Lord Wavell's one good eye, too, is ever open to the picturesque detail which makes politicians people. Thus, he writes of Ziwar Pasha: "Down his left cheek ran a perpetual tear, for he was never without a cigarette drooping perilously from the corner of his mouth, with the smoke invariably ascending into his eye."

Yet, curiously enough, such revealing details are lacking when Wavell writes of Allenby himself. There are some good stories. Such is the dialogue between Allenby and one of his generals when relaxation of martial methods was being discussed:

> GENERAL X: Well, sir, when a village misbehaves itself, I fine it ten per cent of its ghaffir tax.
> ALLENBY: That's not what I've heard, X. I'm told you fine them ten times their ghaffir tax.
> GENERAL X: Yes, that's right, sir —ten per cent.
> ALLENBY: But that's not ten per cent; that's a thousand per cent.
> GENERAL X: Oh, is it, sir? (*Pause*) Well, anyway it's what I call ten per cent, and when I say ten per cent, they know what they've got to pay, and they pay it all right, sir.

The few stories revelatory of Allenby's character, however, tend towards

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The Voice of Polish Youth, by **Kazimierz Wiersynski,** well-known Polish author of twenty works, former president of the Polish PEN Club in Warsaw and a Member of the Polish Academy of Literature, the only member of fifteen to escape the Nazi invasion. An unforgettable paper with illustrations by Czermanski, from the author's latest book, *The Forgotten Battlefield.* (Following the Wiersynski paper is a three-page list of books about Poland, and Poland at War.)

Writing Historical Biography, by **Helen Nicolay.** Daughter of Abraham Lincoln's private secretary, Miss Nicolay was allowed to help in various ways with the ten-volume life of Lincoln written by her father in collaboration with John Hay, and is herself the author of many biographies, including *China's First Lady* and *Born to Command: the Story of General Eisenhower.*

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the sentimental; and the story, which is perhaps the most revealing of all, is omitted. This is of the time when the British soldiers in Egypt, already kept too long away from wives and families, were aroused to vengeful pitch by an Egyptian campaign of murder and assassination. Allenby personally went the round of the British barracks, and, in the words of one of the soldiers "asked us to go slow and kill as few as possible" in the event of riots.

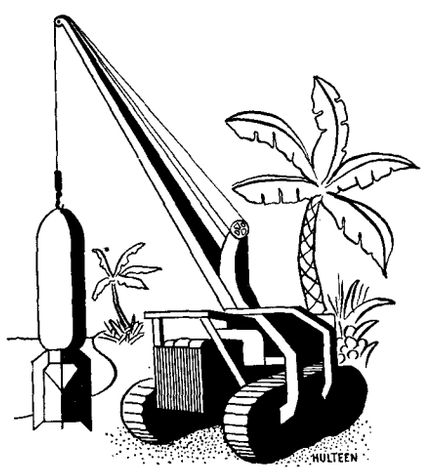
Lord Wavell makes his story of Allenby's proconsulship rather a background to the history of Anglo-Egyptian relations than the history a background to the story of the proconsul. The history is generally impartial enough even for an Egyptian nationalist. Lord Wavell comments only by inference on Allenby's demands on Egypt after the murder of the British Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, although those demands were a grave political blunder. Otherwise, he knocks impartially at both British and Egyptian politicians, and more at the British than at the Egyptian.

He writes good history, too, as far as it goes. He sees clearly the horns of Allenby's dilemma, which was the kind of dilemma many British proconsuls have had to face before and since. On the one hand, there was in London a discordant government, quite unaware of the rising tide of Egyptian nationalism threatening to engulf British interests. On the other hand, there was in Egypt "a people, largely ignorant and illiterate, led by an obstinate demagogue." Between them stood Allenby, "the soldier trained to receive definite orders and to execute them precisely. He . . . was given a vague policy, not always easy to interpret and sometimes impossible to execute." To his credit, he generally interpreted it on the liberal side, while pressing on the home government the adoption of a genuinely liberal policy.

Out of this dilemma Lord Wavell might have created heroic drama. That he does not give the feeling of high drama is due in part to the emphasis on history rather than biography, in part to the fact that the history does not go far enough. Lord Wavell does not lack either personal or documentary knowledge of Anglo-Egyptian relations. There are indications, indeed, that he has had access to more of the documents in the case than any previous historian. Nor does he lack that human perception which documents rarely give. He sees the importance of manners in dealing with an Oriental nation, in particular the bad manners of the British Foreign Office in refusing to invite Rushdi Bey to London to discuss Egyptian grievances. "The Egyptian," Lord Wavell writes, "sets a higher value on politeness and a lower value on mere justice than the Englishman." But he does not relate the Rushdi incident to the feminine quality in Egyptians (and some other Orientals), which explains much in their political relationships. Likewise, in writing of Saad Pasha Zaghlul, he notes that Zaghlul was a man of the people. But he does not go on to note that the redistribution of Egyptian wealth in World War I had created a new "people," of whom Zaghlul was in part the expression. That was why Zaghlul was such a powerful force. That is why he cannot be dismissed as an "obstinate demagogue" of "craggy, uncompromising features," true as that description may be.

In dealing with these popular movements, Lord Wavell is much less satisfactory than in dealing with the stately moves on the statesman's checkerboard. He can feel, and describe, the power of an Egyptian mob, but he does not describe the more interesting part, which is the origin of the mob's power. He mentions in passing the powerful influence of Wilson's Fourteen Points on Egyptian popular opinion, yet he dismisses Wilson as "that classroom idealist."

These points are relevant to the life of Allenby because Allenby was caught between forces, one of which was at least in part the creation of Wilson. They are also relevant, as are the lessons of Allenby's life, to our own times. There has so far been no Wilson of World War II, but there has been Willkie with his "One World." He was another "classroom idealist," and his ideas have had an appeal similar to that of Wilson's ideas, although on a smaller scale. Both appealed especially to Oriental nations because many of those nations are figuratively still as much in the classroom today as was Egypt in the 1920's. It is an elementary classroom; and the elementary rights, which Wilson and Willkie proclaimed and which many others in the West forget because they have them already, are there highly prized because they are not yet within reach.



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Axioms of Soviet-American Relations

RUSSIA IS NO RIDDLE. By Edmund Stevens. New York: Greenberg. 1945. 300 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM C. WHITE

EDMUND STEVENS was *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent in Moscow for several years prior to last autumn. During that time his dispatches maintained that paper's usual high level of foreign correspondence. Stevens was unusually qualified for the job by several years' previous residence in the U. S. S. R. and by a fine knowledge of the Russian language.

Now in America, he has taken his many articles and stories, edited and rewritten some of them, and combined them into a chronological account of his Moscow months. It is a good book but by its structure it is choppy and continuous only in a chronological sense. It would have been a better book if Stevens had taken his many experiences, mulled them over, and written a totally fresh and correlated report on Russian living.

The implied point of his book is a very simple one. Russia need be no riddle to anyone who speaks Russian and who remains in the country for more than a few weeks and months. Such a person, like Stevens, will find it a war-weary country, not very comfortable for anyone used to American living, dreadfully drab for obvious reasons, with a people who are as eager for peace as any other people on earth. They are not an aggressive people. They like Americans and are, in many ways, like Americans. Soviet Russia and the United States have no age-old points of rivalry or historical conflicts of interest.

These facts, so obvious, so frequently stated, would seem to be the axioms of Soviet-American relations. Yet we are forever plagued by writers who ignore the axioms and thereby reach conclusions as fraudulent as they are blatant.

The Soviet Union has been particularly afflicted with these "Birds of God" who "know neither care nor work" and flit through the land, confusing a knowledge of the land with a count of miles covered. The Soviet authorities do not like it and when the report is adverse, as it sometimes is, they protest. Whereupon some Americans jump to the defense of the peripatetic author and yelp, "See, because he wrote adversely about the Soviet Union he is being attacked." Those Americans should remember that we had a dose of this treatment a hundred years ago. We, too, were a curiosity, crude and gawky. The pointless viciousness of Charles Dickens's "American Notes" is still remembered.

Soviet Russia has been in existence twenty-nine years, a fact too seldom remembered. For the first ten years or so of its existence, few writers visited it. The great flood of books appeared in the early thirties. Since then there can scarcely be a person who has not read a book about Soviet Russia; at times, it seems that there is scarcely a person who has not written one. Russia is big and contradictory enough to provide plenty of material on both sides. But it is time to call a halt on authors who speak no Russian and who have never met with Russians on Russian terms nor met with them in Russian surroundings.

Stevens has talked to hundreds of Russians and offers their comments, frank and without interference of translator, on Russian opinion on Americans, the Germans, the cost of living, the future—all the things about which Russians think today.

With those simple conditions met, writers, like Stevens, can well point out that Russians are no riddle. As Stevens writes they are a proud people, filled with a sense of history and their place in it. They have their side of the story of the Polish dispute—a side not too clearly told in the American press but related clearly by Stevens. They have great admiration for things American. They want the war

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By CAREY McWilliams

PREJUDICE

JAPANESE-AMERICANS

Symbol of Racial Intolerance

The author of BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN writes a study of racial hatred, which critics have called "Powerful," "Terrifying," "Shocking," "Appalling," "Carefully Documented," "Highly Controversial," "Highly Readable." $3.00

LITTLE, BROWN

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over as eagerly as we do, and they too, think and dream of a world at peace, and, as individuals, have their own post-war plans.

Few writers who know intimately the Soviet Union at war can think of her as a menace to us. That type of thinking is the specialty of various American newspaper owners and their columnists. There are no writers in the Soviet Union who are screaming "The United States must be stopped."

Rather, let a calm and intelligent man like Edmund Stevens speak:

> These human and material losses (as a result of the war) provide the most conclusive answer to the "Red Imperialism" talk. Regardless of all other considerations, Russia would be in no physical condition to launch a policy of aggression until her grievious wounds are healed, until her depleted population is restored, and until her ruined cities and industries are rebuilt. And this will take several decades at the very least . . .
>
> Under the circumstances, is it likely that Government heads who have shown such foresight in the past should harbor the insane desire to fight the other most powerful nation on earth? That would be a suicide gesture, appropriate to the Japanese but not in the Soviet tradition.
>
> On the basis of the record, no sensible and patriotic American would deny that being friends with the Russians is far preferable to fighting them. Not that friendship will always be smooth and easy. . . .

A Mythology of Her Own

LAST POEMS OF ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH. Edited and with a foreword by Ridgely Torrence. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1944. $2.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

IN her most remarkable volume, "Sonnets from a Lock Box," Anna Hempstead Branch told how in ten days she read the Bible right through, from Ezekiel to John, finding unity in that wonderful diversity:

> And my flesh was in the Book,
> And its blood was in me;
> I could feel it throb within,
> As plain as it could be.

I can imagine the impact gave her another sense of space, making place, as often in her poems, interior as well as exterior. And with this great effort she, I think, passed over to something that is Hebraic but not scriptural—I mean that occultism that is concerned with name and number, that knows the word as creative and the letters as magical. Possessions, as she shows in the "Lock Box" sequence, have a mystical validity, and that sense, too, is Hebraic. Howsoever this may be, Anna Hempstead Branch is one of the poets who have a mythology of their own to draw on.

In what Ridgely Torrence distinguishes as her monumental poem, "Nimrod,"—it is in another book—the founder of Babylon sins by casting down the hieroglyph that spells the name of God. Ruin came upon his mind and body and works. Then "these immortal symbols, fallen from grace":

> lost syllables
> That had no meaning for him, yet did seem
> To have that in them which should ease his grief
> If his soul's eyes could read their outlawed script,
> Adamic spellings, palely glimmering runes,
> And broken shapes of ancient alphabets.

Name and letter and number appear again and again in her "Last Poems." "In this instinct towards immediacy," writes Ridgely Torrence in his discerning introduction to her "Last Poems," this impulse to wear through the boundaries that divided her from others and from the infinite, she even became absorbed, towards the end, in mathematics. It was as though she found letters inadequate to express her inmost experience and turned to numbers for a more celestial clarity." As far back as her "Sonnets from a Lock Box" she was fascinated by number:

> So number within number shines and sings
> And with interior energy doth beget
> The godlike shapes of many an alphabet,
> Bodied in air, with their deep patternings.
> Their magnetisms create my flesh anew.
> Great festivals like goddesses advancing
> I know full well if I abide in you
> I shall feast well and shall be saved by dancing.

Even then she had invoked "the Arithmetic God."

Her "Last Poems," so sympathetically edited and introduced by Ridgley Torrence, are as characteristic of Anna Hempstead Branch as any that went before. They have the rapture that is in her other poems, the sense of pain that leaves no mark of defeat or loss, the sense of wonder which Ridgley Torrence finds in her, which gives her the exaltation that is in such a verse as this from "Thinking of my Friends so bright:"

> God watches how those hours are spent
> Full of rich astonishment.
> I can feel Him all around
> Listening to my faintest sound
> Of delight in what He made
> All in loveliness arrayed.
> I can feel his heart rejoice
> Listening to my mighty voice
> Crying the glories of my friends,
> Great histories that have no ends,

people you can't forget . .

the people of Greece—Mikia Pezas' people—with whom he shared the struggle against the invader and the hungry months under the occupation . . . *Ganymede,* his friend from Mount Olympus, surly, crippled, blind in one eye, who brought supplies from Athens in a rattle-trap taxi to the shivering troops on the freezing mountain peak . . . *Zeno,* the "acrobat of world fame," who left the biggest engagement of his career to fight the Italians . . . *Mitso,* the sponge-diver, longing for the girl he left behind in the little village . . . *Floros;* the elegant, cynical officer who looked like Rudolph Valentino and discussed philosophy between bombardments . . . the ragged army that scratched and cursed and joked and talked of home as soldiers have done from time beyond record . . . shepherds, bandits, shopkeepers, priests and housewives of Greece, with their legends of the past, their hopes for the future, their humor, their courage

. . in a book to remember

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Talking fast into his ear
That forever leans to hear.

There is the sonnet sequence "The Poet and His Song," and the strange ballad about Judas Iscariot in which, as in "The Great Mother," she takes again the theme of pain that ends in understanding and rapture.

Forty years before, as a young poet she had written in a rhymed letter:

I have been seeking for that vast extension
Of this straight world, the lovely fourth dimension,
Yes, almost entered through its hidden doors
And stared at strange symbols on its radiant floors.

Number now has become clear to her:

And all the hearts of all the earth
Are silvery bright with numberings,
And their deep fountains sing with mirth
Music of angelic things.

He comes with planetary might,
He comes with pentecostal power,
And every heart with deep delight
Unfolds its number like a flower.

Anna Hempstead Branch wrote a great deal of poetry; I imagine she wrote spontaneously and with ease. Nothing she ever published is lacking in imagination and a recognizable grandeur of spirit. But in her longer poems often she fails in compactness, and, like several other visionaries in poetry, she drew on grand but unedged words to express high conceptions—"eternal," "bright," "unappeasable," "radiance," "panoplied"—I take these from a passage of ten lines in "Nimrod." She has written authentic poems and memorable poems. I will always remember that ballad which, like other ballads of hers, has transcendental overtones—"What is it that you see?" (It is in "Sonnets from a Lock Box.") She has a secure place in American poetry, and a selection from her poems (one wishes that Ridgely Torrence would make it) would make a book of the greatest interest to poetry lovers. As examples I will give two of her poems. Because I have written of her sometime lack of compactness I ought to quote a short poem in her "Last Poems" which gives a whole history in eight lines of exquisite song:

A love I may not take
Into the silence of my heart
Falls like the shadow of a bird
Into a shining lake.
Its happy wings I may not touch,
Its song is not for me,
But yet its shadow charms my soul
To passionate ecstasy.

The other I shall quote is last in the sonnet sequence of "The Lock Box:"

Oh carve it like the Astrolabe and set
With planetary symbols the golden stone;
With measurings of days and nights the zone . . .
With patternings of gold and silver fret.
Make beautiful the magic amulet.
Richly engrave with astronomic sign
The spinning circle; with sidereal line,
The Zodiac and stellar alphabet.

So money, in the rim of the world, swings round.
It measures earth and sea and mountains high.
It steers the ship, translates the starry sky.
It multiplies, divides and makes no sound.
It measures the seasons and we see it bring
Apples of gold and festivals in Spring.

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 93

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 93 will be found in the next issue.

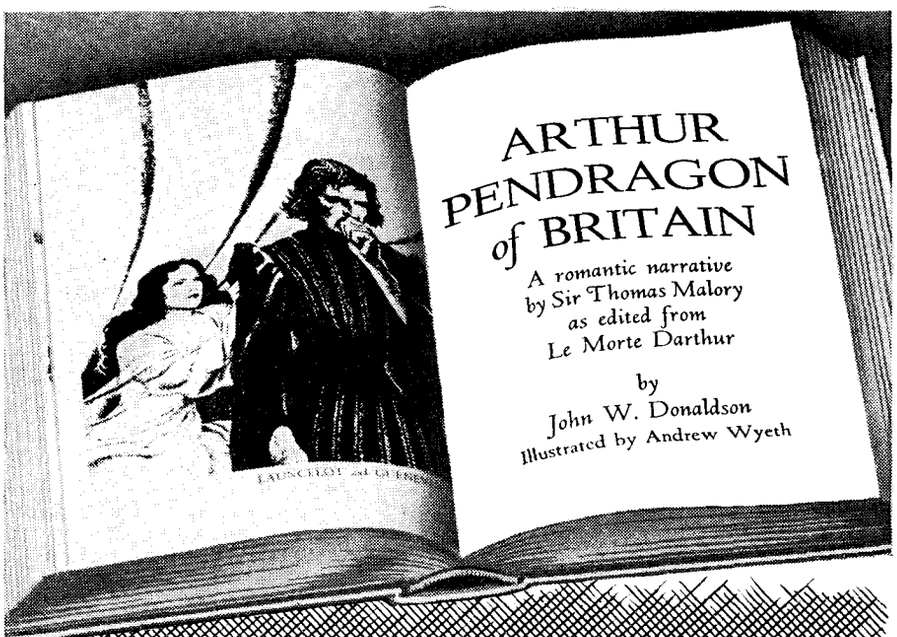
DAP BDARPDCZ MGGR, DG EAGF EABD APBHPK OPKCPO GM LGJR, CL EPRR ZGFWPKLBDPO CK RCFSL.

—BVFLDVGKT—BVD GM WVPLPXHCKT APBRDA.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 92

CYNICISM IS A SMALL BRASS FIELDPIECE THAT EVENTUALLY BREAKS AND KILLS THE CANNONEER.

—HENRY ALDRICH
—ARTIS LOGICAE.



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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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the Phoenix Nest

IT must be in "Last Songs from Vagabondia" that a poem of Richard Hovey's ends, "—— Philip Savage was his name." The poem was a tribute to another poet. It always puzzled me, because I could never find out who Philip Savage was. Today, I dare say that Richard Hovey is almost as forgotten as Philip Savage, though you can get from Dodd, Mead "Songs from Vagabondia" and "More Songs from Vagabondia" in one volume. They were free and easy singing in the days of my youth. Some silliness in them, yes; but a lot of gusto too, and no little beauty. They were done half-and-half with the Canadian poet, Bliss Carman. One of the latter's contributions, "In the House of Idiedaily" was praised by no less a poet than Francis Thompson. Hovey was a good poet too. He died at the turn of the century. He was influenced by the French Symbolist poets, Verlaine, Mallarmé, Maeterlinck the famous Belgian. He translated Maeterlinck's plays. He tried his own hand at the Arthurian cycle in a series, called "Launcelot and Guenevere: A Poem in Dramas." The best poetry in these is probably in number IV, "Taliesin: A Masque." There were five in all. The final song of Taliesin is an exultant lyric. Here is a verse:

Joy, joy, joy in the height and the deep;
Joy like the joy of a leaf that unfolds to the sun;
Joy like the joy of a child in the borders of sleep;
Joy like the joy of a multitude thrilled into one;
Under the teeth that clench and the eyes that weep,
Deeper than discord or doubt or desire or wrong,
One with the wills that sow and the Fates that reap,
Joy in the heart of the world like a peal of song.

People don't write that way any more. They don't become excited in that way over poetry. They are too careful. Some day "Taliesin" should be set to music. There must have been attempts. I suggest it to my friend Mr. Douglas Moore, head of the Columbia School of Music. The text, I believe, would give him the foundation for something fine, though it is not all good, and I don't care much (for instance) for "The Damsels" in the "Second Movement." It isn't all up to its best. But there is some splendid verse in it too; and with judicious cutting and arrangement I believe it could be made a remarkable musical work. But to return to a certain man called Philip Savage . . .

In a catalogue from R. Kolvoord of the Old Settler Book Shop at Walpole, New Hampshire, appeared suddenly a great flock of books from Stone & Kimball of Chicago and Copeland and Day of Boston, firms now forgotten that date from the '90s. I bought several Fiona MacLeods (the pen-name for that strange Scottish poet, William Sharp, who wrote of Iona and the western isles, and, in creating the imaginary writer "Fiona MacLeod," did his best work in "The Sin-Eater," "The Washer of the Ford," etc. But there also I saw, and procured, a little book of poems with the back-strip broken, entitled "First Poems and Fragments," by Philip Henry Savage. Boston: Copeland & Day, 1895. "Sicut Lilum Inter Spinas" was the emblem of Copeland Day. I have now read the little book through.

This is the sort of meditative poetry, and poetry concerning nature, that is written no more. Its manner is the manner of another day. It is simple and

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limpid in cadence. It has poetic clichés. But there is something rather fine about it too:

Silent the wheeling sea-gull in the air,
Without a cry;
Far off beneath the bending sky
A silent ship goes down the ocean stair.

or

I love to walk against the yellow light,
The lemon-yellow of the first daylight.

Savage treated New Hampshire after the manner of Wordsworth, not in the way of Frost:

The broad lake country at my feet
Bids Asquam with Wynander greet,
Rydal with Ossippee . . .

Perhaps his sonnets concerning Moosilauke, in Grafton County, are his best. Christopher Morley would like this:

I stood upon a mountain; here the strong
Wild-Ammonoosuc rolled in forests bare,
A tumult in his hollow pathway . . .

And here, probably, is the best of the sonnets:

Standing above the Tunnel gorge, the brook
Unseen, unheard below I knew laid out
And trimmed its tenements for April's trout,
Rested and ran from hidden nook to nook.
The wintry forests in the wind had shook
December from their branches; round about,
The sun had aided in the season's rout
To Moosilauke; and when to him I look,
White snow and winter build in me a sense,
Structured on beauty awful and serene,
Of majesty, a pressing sense of fear.
I never saw a vision more intense
In awfulness than that tremendous scene—
Black Moosilauke, uprising dark and near!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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(*Continued from page* 37)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

SOME more delayed items: Miriam Marsh, Stoneham, Mass., found an anodyne in DCs while awaiting the effect of a local anesthetic before teeth extraction. She had filled in the definitions and now did the more perfunctory work of transferring the letters to the diagram. So she relaxed effectively (?)... Arthur Raphael, businessman, New York City, says that it would be less of a hardship to forget his pajamas on his frequent trips to Washington than to leave behind a DC Series. . . . May F. Hoisington, Rye, N. Y., is looking forward to my use of Joanna Colcord's sea-terms. Years of experience summers on an island in Penobscot Bay, and later summers with her husband and three children on old schooner-yachts are visions of another world, she now recalls. . . . The use of "Angelina" from Goldsmith's poem, some time ago, gave especial pleasure to Mrs. W. H. Cameron, Evanston, Ill.; for 'twas a poem dear to the hearts of her grandmother and her mother. Indeed, her grandmother named a pair of twins Edwin and Angelina, but they did not grow up to hand down the tradition. . . . Mrs. Julia Goodridge, Santa Barbara, an old-timer, enjoyed Series 16 because of its biographical content, which she likes better than abstract thought. Well, she may continue in Series 17, devoted to the same subject. She smiled at the mention of Walter Peirce's name in this column, for she used to work DCs with him before he left the West and she adds that with a knowledge of about fifteen languages he ought to find DCs play. . . . From Mrs. Eleanor E. Ledbetter, Cleveland, comes this tidbit: "I took one of your volumes with me on a cruise round the world on a British freight ship. The Captain and the Chief Engineer placed their few reference books at my service, but the solution usually came between 1:30 and 3:30 when everyone else took an afternoon snooze. One was solved too quickly by the unsolicited aid of an English lady from Singapore who, on very few clues, recognized it as from "The Earthly Paradise" and recited the whole portion of the poem. . . . Our lovely ship is now at the bottom of the sea, the Captain dead from exposure before rescue, the Chief recovered from his injuries and back at sea; and I shall never know what has become of the Singapore lady. But I am still doing DCs! . . . Helen M. Hayes, Lincoln, Neb., furnishes me with one of those taking words, *rowling-towling,* from a Gilbert Franklin hunting story. How I'd like to appropriate it for its *w's,* but it's not in WNI and how would the rest of you find it? For other new words I am indebted to Charles S. Gaskill, Philadelphia, and Frances Ames Randall, Duxbury, Mass.

MARCH 31, 1945

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 575

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 9 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A scimitar (Egypt).

B. Interrogation for rhetorical effect (Rhet.)

C. Trimly neat and tidy (Colloq.)

D. Act of heeding or observing.

E. English actor in America (1901-; "Hamlet," "Falstaff," etc.)

F. Relating to or existing by a union of the divine and the human.

G. Uproar; rumpus.

H. English painter (1769-1830; Mrs. Siddons, etc.)

I. Boston-born American lawyer and statesman (1818-1901; Sec'y of State, 1877-81).

J. Impairs; rends into splinters.

K. Rude; awkward.

L. Twists in or about; entwines.

M. U. S. Navy rank corresponding to second lieut. in the Army.

N. Tale by Maxim Gorky (1895).

O. Region or scope of activity or influence.

P. The cod (2 wds.)

Q. Anything you choose to name, etc. (2 wds.)

R. Escaped the notice or perception of.

S. Nephew of Abraham, son of Nahor, father of Rebecca (Bib.)

T. Raipur is its capital (Brit. India).

U. At a disadvantage (from wrestling; 3 wds.)

V. To beat severely; to flog (Colloq.)

W. Threw, tossed, or the like heavily or slowly (Cricket, lawn tennis).

X. Covers or wraps in a haze or fog.

Y. To blanket (Naut.; 4 wds.)

Z. Stupid, dirty water-babies (Chas. Kingsley).

WORDS

128 93 161 78 51 18 167

75 91 104 123 81 47 135 26

23 6 185 125 67

155 2 175 37 32 46 171 86

5 172 184 136 145

73 50 11 126 109 43 118 16 68

69 129 138 36 59 12

162 156 45 127 34 141 7 102

82 113 77 177 166 40

31 186 97 4 117 24 139 124

158 90 122 61 114 79 176

163 115 148 157 130 87 76

120 38 25 99 116 133

142 10 94 63 15 41 52 149

178 98 19 112 48

121 85 147 71 103 28 174 152

27 143 13 17 1 110 80

101 170 20 182 144 134

54 132 159 106 179 72 83

151 160 74 168 9 92 107 88 180 55 105 30

154 56 29 65 53 8 62 95

111 140 44 96 183 14

35 70 131 84 119 39

173 60 108 22 58 64 100

137 165 153 169 181 66 3 150 42 57 146 89

33 164 49 21

1 Q	2 D	3 Y		4 J	5 E	6 C	7 H	8 U		9 T	10 N	11 F		12 G	13 Q	14 V
15 N		16 F	17 Q	18 A		19 O	20 R	21 Z	22 X	23 C	24 J	25 M	26 B		27 Q	28 P
29 U	30 T		31 J	32 D	33 Z	34 H	35 W		36 G	37 D	38 M	39 W	40 I		41 N	42 Y
43 F		44 V	45 H	46 D	47 B	48 O		49 Z	50 F	51 A	52 N	53 U		54 S	55 T	56 U
57 Y	58 X		59 G	60 X	61 K	62 U	63 N		64 X	65 U	66 Y	67 C		68 F	69 G	70 W
71 P	72 S		73 F	74 T	75 B		76 L	77 I	78 A		79 K	80 O	81 B	82 I	83 S	
84 W	85 P	86 D	87 L	88 T		89 Y	90 K	91 B		92 T	93 A	94 N		95 U	96 V	97 J
98 O	99 M	100 X	101 R	102 H		103 P	104 B	105 T		106 S	107 T	108 X		109 F	110 Q	
111 V	112 O	113 I	114 K	115 L	116 M		117 J	118 F	119 W	120 M		121 P	122 K	123 B		124 J
125 C	126 F	127 H	128 A		129 G	130 L	131 W	132 S	133 M	134 R	135 B	136 E	137 Y		138 G	139 J
140 V	141 H	142 N	143 Q	144 R	145 E		146 Y	147 P		148 L	149 N	150 Y	151 T	152 P		153 Y
154 U		155 D	156 H	157 L	158 K		159 S	160 T	161 A		162 H	163 L	164 Z	165 Y		166 I
167 A	168 T	169 Y		170 R	171 D	172 E	173 X	174 P		175 D	176 K	177 I	178 O	179 S	180 T	181 Y
	182 R	183 V	184 E	185 C	186 J											

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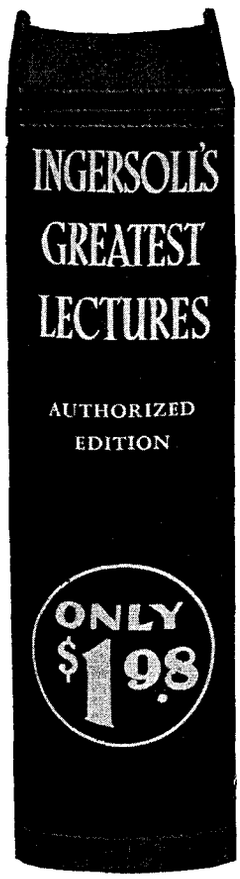

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